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Speight.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY WITH VISCOUNT LASCELLES AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN.

157, New Bond Street, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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The Care of Nature Reserves

LAST year the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves published a useful little handbook giving an account of what the Society had done and was doing. It proved to be a very successful publication, and, in consequence, a handbook for 1924 has just been issued and hope is expressed that it will appear annually in future. The number of those who are interested in the little sanctuaries and protected homes for our wild population is large and growing, and it is all to the good that a simple and clear statement should from time to time be made in regard to the proceedings of the Society which originated in 1916 and since then has steadily increased in usefulness and popularity. In looking over the brief accounts given as to what was done on particular reserves in the year under review, 1923-24, one is very much struck by the variety of interests touched upon. The Society was instrumental in the acquisition, among other places, of Meathop Moss, Westmorland. This is an area of about 120 acres, interesting chiefly for plants and butterflies, a most instructive place for those engaged in studying

entomology. Woodwalton Fen in Huntingdonshire possesses very much the same characteristics. It consists of about 538 acres of primitive fenland that once formed part of the Huntingdonshire fens; it, too, is rich in plant and insect life. Blakeney Point is owned by the National Trust, but the Society continues to assist in maintaining a watcher, the watcher being in this case a lady well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE as a bird photographer of most unusual merit and a good writer on natural history. In Wicken Fen the Society has, since its inception, taken a great interest and helped to buy the additional areas acquired in 1915, 1916, 1919 and 1921.

There are two features in the Report that deserve, as we think, every possible help and encouragement. The first and most important is to be found in the attention which is now being given to the preservation of wild animals that are not necessarily installed in nature reserves. As an instance of the Society's care in this respect, reference is made to a letter signed by the President, Viscount Ullswater, and by Viscount Grey of Fallodon, to urge upon all who had it in their power to afford such protection as is possible to the two rarest British mammals, the wild cat and the pine marten. This letter was addressed to all owners and occupiers of deer forests in Scotland and the answers received are described as entirely sympathetic. The merits of such a step are too obvious to need recapitulation. It is sound policy to secure the co-operation of the owners of the wild country inhabited by these two wild species. During recent years the attitude to such wild animals as are threatened with extinction has changed greatly for the better. There are very few indeed among the owners of land who would encourage the placing of their tails and heads upon the gamekeeper's sepulchre, where they were usually to be found twenty years ago. It would not be fair to ignore the great advance in humanity and what we might call education in the value of wild life which has taken place among the gillies, gamekeepers and their associates. Far more of these men are adepts in natural history than was the case before, and the Society is doing splendid work in its effort to retain their sympathy and co-operation. In the same spirit the rather grandiose idea for securing a national reserve for wild life in Scotland has been discouraged by the Society on the ground that at present the deer forests under their owners or occupiers form the best possible reserves of this kind. In other words, they are working in the most friendly way with the Society.

The other point hangs largely upon the death of the Hon. N. Charles Rothschild, a founder and generous benefactor. Among the legacies which he left was the sum of £5,000 which has been duly invested and will bring in an annual income of about £255. He also bequeathed to the Society Ray Island, Mersea, Essex, and left a sum sufficient to pay for its upkeep. In the review of the activities of the year, reference is made to the purchase of the Farne Islands for the National Trust, the purchase of Hatfield Forest, Essex, and the 140 acres in addition to the first acquisition. The very interesting bit of King Arthur country at Sharpham Moor Plot, near Glastonbury, Somerset, has been conveyed to the Society in a very generous way. The money was raised by a local fund and the property is under the management of the Local Committee made up of Professor A. V. Darbshire, Dr Nierenstein, Mr. C. Hunter, Mr. John Bright Clark, Captain E. D. Troup and Mr. H. Stuart Thompson, and this committee has undertaken the expense of the upkeep. A jarring note is struck in only one case, that of Swadlincote Field, Northants. This is the only reserve that has been given up, and that was done in consequence of the tenant now the owner, Mr. R. Goodfellow, giving notice of his intention to extract stone and to use the road leading to the quarry. The Report says that "As this would defeat the purpose for which the Society held the quarry, it was decided to give up the tenancy."

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COUNTRY NOTES.

THE resolution of ten thousand miners of the Forest of Dean to go out on strike unless the owners agree to pay the increased wages under the National Wage Agreement apparently has been arrived at without any attempt being made to bring the dispute into arbitration. At the same time, it is evident that the miners are steadfastly ignoring, if it has ever been brought to their notice, the danger to our coal trade as a national asset. It is suffering in the first place from prolonged languor in the iron and steel works. British manufacturers are in a fix; steel products can be brought into this country and sold at less than the cost of production here. That ought to serve as a warning post to all who are engaged in mining. An equally important warning has been given by Mr. Frank Hodges, Civil Lord of the Admiralty and formerly secretary of the Miners' Federation. He describes what he calls the real problem of the coal industry. It is, in his own words, that the world is passing away from the use of raw coal as a fuel. It is being ousted by oil, and oil will certainly take the place of raw coal as a fuel if there is a sufficient and accessible quantity in the world of it. We hear frequent talk of the increased intelligence and education of those engaged in coal mining, but nothing about their setting their intelligence to form a reasoned opinion upon this view of the immediate future. The interest of their class demands that they should clearly understand the position in the light of the community at large.

IF a word may be said on the ticklish subject of loans now engaging a great deal of private as well as public attention, it would be that the country seems to have grown willing to make a German loan, but shies at lending money to the Soviet Government of Russia. In regard to the proposed German loan, it seems rather anomalous that Germany should be preparing very heavy barriers to the importation of British goods into Germany. Now that is far from being sound business. American financial men have insisted for a long time on a fair proportion of a loan being spent in the lender's country, and this view is shared by a great many of our business authorities with regard to our loan to Germany. The time is not a suitable one for making loans without very great consideration. In all sound finance a loan can be properly made only out of savings, and savings are of insignificant dimensions just now. If, in spite of that, the loan to Germany is carried through, it should not be so without exacting from Germany a guarantee that import taxes large enough to make trade impossible should not be placed by the German Government on British goods.

"THE MIKADO" has for the past week been engrossing the playgoers of Budapest, capital of a country, alone among the nations of Europe, that persists in a misguided affection for the British. Though circumstances compelled them to be our enemies during the war, the Hungarians admire all things British with an almost embarrassing fervour. Not only boots, clothes, motor cars and other trimmings of life are carefully chosen from our

best models, but the spirit that pervades our sport and, to a great extent, our business life has been understood there and preferred to the professionalism of the Germans. Budapest, the beautiful twin city, is far more prosperous than could be imagined in view of its terrible history since the war, when a Red and then a White Terror succeeded one another, to be capped by a severe Rumanian occupation. Its intellectual life is astonishing. Two opera houses and a dozen theatres provide programmes that put London to shame, and among the most popular dramatists are Shaw and Wilde. In spite of the welcome that the Englishman receives in Budapest, it is, then, distressing to learn that English residents are excluded from Hungarian clubs—a disability that debars them especially from sharing in the excellent lawn tennis. The reason for this appears singularly just: that it is in understandable retaliation for the exclusion of Hungarians from English clubs. Surely the time has come when our unwilling enemies, who if they happen to have become Czecho-Slovaks or Poles or Jugo-Slavs are accorded full rights, should be recognised as the friends and admirers that they are of our country and institutions?

A SINGLE day's cricket match in which one eleven have not yet got rid of their sea legs is obviously not to be taken too seriously. Nevertheless, it would have been just a little depressing if Mr. Gilligan's team, now on their way to Australia, had been beaten *en route* by Ceylon. They must have had some partially anxious moments after tumbling out for a total of 73 before the bowling of Mr. Greswell, who has, when at home, often done great deeds for Somersetshire. However, their hosts fared still worse, for they were all out for 58, and then Mr. Chapman gave a taste of his quality in the second innings with a hilarious 70 not out. While our men are on their way out there comes news from Australia that Mr. Gregory, the fast bowler and our most dangerous potential enemy, has broken down from an old strain. If this strain proves obdurate our prospects would seem tolerably bright, but our victory, if we won it thus, would be most unsatisfactory, and we hope that Mr. Gregory will soon be his old alarming self again and that we shall face the full strength of Australia.

THE SHREW.

Beautiful lady, why do you your woer estrange?
You have given him dreams, and his thoughts through high
temples might range,

So lovely your form, and your eyes like peeps of the sky,
And your rich auburn tresses like threads from the fleecy sunrise,
And your luring arms soft as white clouds in the fair sunny
weather,

And . . .
But who gave you your tongue, my gem?—it is wizened and
old.

Oh, why do you roughen man's path with the briars of a scold?
Why? . . . Why? HERBERT E. PALMER.

SINCE the days of the Corinthians there has always been a romance about the Brighton road. In curricles and coaches, on horse and on foot, men have tried to get from London to Brighton a little quicker than their predecessors. The names of Crawley, Handcross and other landmarks on the road have a peculiarly stirring sound, and the record to Brighton is not as other records are. Consequently, the achievement of Mr. Arthur Newton, who on Friday last ran the distance in 6hrs. 11mins. and beat the previous record by twenty-three minutes, would in any case have been interesting. It becomes much more remarkable, however, from the fact that Mr. Newton is in his forty-second year and, we believe, only discovered this latent and astonishing talent of his a very few years ago. Since doing so he has made up for lost time, and this is only one of a whole series of long distance records that he has set up. Not the least interesting part of the story is in the nature of his refreshment on his journey. This appears to have consisted largely of lemonade not only with sugar in it but salt also. It sounds distinctly unappetising, but we must not be too nice about so potent an elixir of youth.

IT would be hard to find a better example of the suitability of golf to all ages than that provided last week by the final of the London Foursome Tournament. On the one side were those two war-worn warriors, Mr. Edward Blackwell and Mr. H. E. Taylor, whose united ages amounted to one hundred and thirteen: on the other the brothers Hartley, who are twenty and nineteen years old respectively. The boys, if we may respectfully so term them, played very well indeed and won the tournament for the second successive year, a remarkable achievement when it is considered how many good golfers live in and near London. It was difficult for the spectators to know for which side they should desire success. Their sympathies were naturally engaged on the side of age that had fought so intrepidly. At the same time, it was cheering to see two young golfers playing such a fine game as the Hartleys did, and victory should give them the confidence to play better still. Considering the number of boys who play golf to-day, it is surprising that so few of them play really well, and from the "International" point of view at any rate we want all the Hartleys we can get.

MR. JAMES DREW, the Reigate postman who has retired after forty years' constant service, must have come very near making a world's walking record. He had a daily round of twenty miles, which means 140 miles a week and 7,280 miles a year. In forty years he walked 291,200 miles. Now, the distance round the world is usually computed to be about 25,000 miles, so that he must have walked the equivalent of ten times round the world, and that leaves a considerable margin to account for the day omitted weekly when the Sunday delivery was stopped. Apparently this exercise was of the greatest benefit to him, as at the present time he keeps himself in form by carrying at the Walton Heath Golf Links. This involves a daily walk of twelve miles to and from Reigate; that in itself would be generally considered by the elderly a good day's exercise, but, in addition, he carries a heavy bag of clubs for two and occasionally three rounds.

THE erection of a statue to D'Artagnan at Auch will be accepted by the public as a tribute to the most gallant and famous of the heroes that appeal to youth. It may be news to some of them that there was a real man of that name who lived in the capital of Gascony, and that Dumas got hold of his memoirs in which are to be found the names of the three heroes. The real D'Artagnan in his career bears some resemblance to his namesake in fiction. At any rate, he was a Gascon and became captain of the musketeers of Louis XIV, which facts may seem to establish the identity between the real and the imaginative figure; but those who grub in books for what they are very pleased to think original figures and the original characters of a novel show mighty little understanding of the creative art which may take a hint from a name and create a masterpiece out of it. Anyone meeting the Norfolk knight, Sir John Falstaffe, would have found him a very different person from the character of that name who figures in Shakespeare's drama. Partly this is due to the fact that imagination, catching flame, will produce a large fire from a spark, and partly it is due to the other circumstance that, where genius sees unbounded opportunity, commonplace can only see commonplace.

THE celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the John Rylands Library is part of a very interesting piece of Manchester history. The Library was founded by Mrs. Enriqueta Augusta Rylands and dedicated to the memory of her husband, John Rylands, a sturdy Lancashire merchant, whose success in business is only part of a remarkable history. The founding and building of the Library took place in 1888, but the plan was greatly enlarged in 1892, when it was announced that Earl Spencer had decided to dispose of the Althorp library collected by the second Earl Spencer. Mrs. Rylands, at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million, became the purchaser of this famous collection of books. Later on Mrs. Rylands bought the illuminated and other manuscripts belonging to the Earl of Crawford for a sum almost as large as she

had given for the Althorp library. Thus was got together one of the most interesting and important libraries in the world. This in brief is the story of a library whose twenty-fifth birthday was appropriately kept on October 6th. There are greater libraries in the world, but no other that has made such immense progress as this one in the short space of a quarter of a century.

THE celebration of the Library's twenty-fifth birthday would in any case entitle it to the distinction of being a red letter day in its calendar, but that assurance was made doubly sure by the announcement of Lord Crawford's priceless gift, a collection of broadsheets, placards, bulletins and proclamations connected with the French Revolution. It is doubtful whether such an interesting collection exists elsewhere in the world. There has been no occurrence in history so remarkable as the French Revolution, whether judged by its magnitude or its far-reaching effects. Lord Crawford would add to the value of his gift if he could tell us how and by whom the collection was made. Odds and ends they might well have appeared to the many who trembled at the danger to their life and property, but there must have been one pair of eyes that saw how valuable they would become as historic material. What would Carlyle not have given to be in possession of such contemporary evidence when he was writing his "French Revolution"? Those placards and other documents would have rendered still more vivid the pages of his famous "History." Complementary to the Revolutionary literature there were several other collections, each of which would have been thought of great importance standing by itself.

AFTER HOLIDAYS.

The Cornish day is soon to end
And sunset broods behind St. Paul's
And time's a joint too ill to mend
And higher climb the City walls.
Come, we'll walk and talk together
And fit the ending to our play;
Rainbowed was the evening weather
Going from Trevone to Harlyn Bay.

If Port St. Kew is Cannon Street
And buses roar instead of waves
And hill of Ives is hill of Fleet
And tubes there are instead of caves,
The song of laughter still remains
To consecrate the death of day
From London Bridge, if not the lanes
Going from Trevone to Harlyn Bay.

Test the truth in wine and sorrow
And Cornwall's smiles' in London's face;
Love's a sum too big to borrow
In coins of county or of place.
Shifts the scene but stay the mummers
With still their changeless lines to say
To walk again in other summers
The road from Trevone to Harlyn Bay.

DUDLEY CAREW.

THE annual report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings dwells on three important matters: the City churches, the protection of ancient bridges, and the question of Waterloo Bridge. The danger to the City churches is far from averted, for Parliament is going to consider again a measure which, if passed, will give authority for the destruction of a number of them. The associated societies, of which the S.P.A.B. is one, have informed the National Assembly that they will have nothing to do with any measure that involves the destruction of any single church. The National Assembly therefore now knows that they have a solid, if restricted, body, but one containing practically all those actively engaged in any of the visual arts, opposed to their intended action. But the general public must know that determined protest on their part may yet be needed. With regard to Waterloo Bridge, which is connected with the whole subject of Thames bridges, the L.C.C. are still considering the report made for the Society by a distinguished engineer on the possibility of maintaining the existing structure.

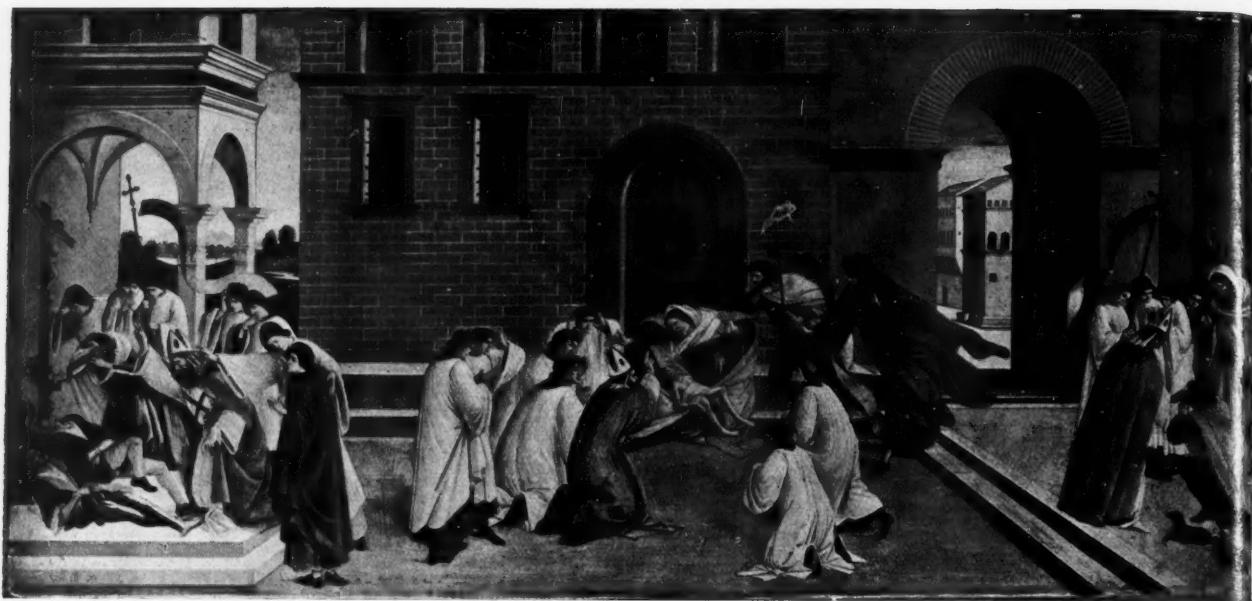
THE MOND BEQUEST

MANY and splendid have been the gifts received by the National Gallery during the hundred years of its existence, but few can compare in all-round excellence with the collection now at last shown to the public—the bequest of Dr. Ludwig Mond. The exceptional value of this collection is partly due to the circumstances under which it was formed. Instead of being the gradually accumulated treasure of several generations of art patrons or the collection of a single enthusiast guided solely by his personal, and possibly wayward, fancy, these pictures were brought together with the definite intention of representing as fully as possible the various aspects of Italian Renaissance art each picture being considered from the point of view of its authenticity and historical importance as well as for its pure artistic value and beauty. Dr. Mond's passion for collecting was a result of the new impulse given to connoisseurship by the writings of Morelli, and the eventual destination of the pictures seems to have been in his mind from the beginning, for when

he commissioned Dr. J. P. Richter to buy pictures on his behalf, one of the conditions was that every work should be of a standard to do credit to a public gallery. Most of the purchases were made between the years 1884 and 1894, and a catalogue, with a description and appreciation of each picture, was subsequently brought out by Dr. Richter in two handsome volumes. The generosity of Dr. Mond does not end in his bequest of the choicest examples of his collection to the nation, but also provides a sum of money to build a new room, should this be needed, to house the collection—for one of the conditions of the bequest was that all the pictures should hang together. The terms of the will appear not to have been very explicit, and resulted in the long drawn out negotiations between the Trustees of the National Gallery and Dr. Mond's executors. Hence the delay of over a year before the works could be publicly exhibited. The list of pictures, drawn up by Dr. Mond and attached to his will, out of which the Trustees were to make their choice and to select at least 75 per cent. of the entire number, does not



RAPHAEL: CRUCIFIXION.



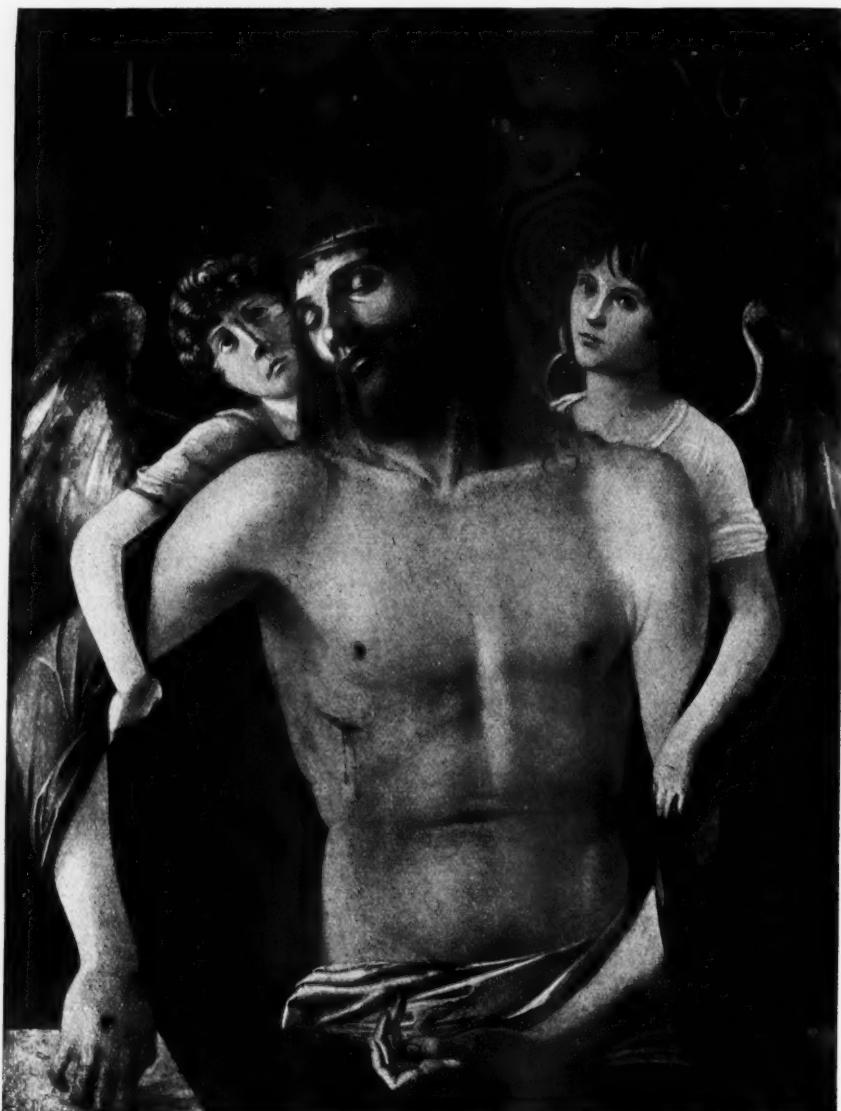
BOTTICELLI: MIRACLES OF S. ZENOBIUS

contain all the works now on view at the National Gallery, while three more works, two panels by Cima and an admirable Mantegna are included in the bequest, but remain in the possession of members of the Mond family during their lifetime.

The pictures as now arranged in Room XXVI of the National Gallery form a wide field for the study of Italian art, and are especially welcome because so many of them illustrate aspects of this art previously not represented in the Gallery. The brightest jewel of the collection is Raphael's "Crucifixion," the purchase of which for 10,600 guineas in 1892, eight years after the National Gallery had paid £70,000 for the Ansiedi Raphael, is a striking instance of the senseless fluctuations of prices in the picture market. Artistically there is not much to choose between the two paintings. The figures in the "Crucifixion" are less substantial, there is as yet no sign of the influence of Florentine science on the young painter, but all the more intense is the devotional atmosphere, all the more uplifting the spirituality of the conception.

This altarpiece was painted for the Dominican Church at Citta di Castello about the year 1500-2, and is the earliest signed work from the hands of Raphael, who could not have been more than eighteen when he painted it. It does not aim at giving a historical representation of the Crucifixion, but is a devotional picture symbolising the redemption of mankind through the sacrifice of Christ, and illustrates the Dominican influence on art, which is so different from the dramatic Franciscan art of Giotto and his school. Instead of the poignant tragedy of Andrea del Castagno's little "Crucifixion" in the National Gallery, we find here a mood of serene melancholy tinged with ardent aspiration in the grandly spacious landscape, while there is a feeling of ecstasy, almost of gladness, in the two angels who hover so lightly against the blue mystery of the sky, their flying ribbons expressive of their angelic swiftness of movement, and receive in their chalices the blood of the Redeemer. Above is again a sterner note in the dark horizontal of the arms of the cross, repeated in the clouds round the sun and the moon, and the impression of the infinite height of the cross is accentuated by the domed top of the picture. Below kneel the two penitents St. Jerome and the

Magdalene, looking up with adoration at the figure of Christ, while behind stand the Virgin and St. John. No words can describe the feeling of sweetness and purity conveyed by the rhythmic lines and beautiful colour of this composition. Portions of the design have been borrowed from the works of Perugino, but they have been harmonised by the genius of Raphael, which has found such perfect expression in



GIOVANNI BELLINI: PIETA.

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this work that one is almost led to wonder whether he would not have done even greater things had he not come into contact with the vortex of contrasting ideas and scientific methods which he was to find in Florence a few years hence.

The next in importance of the Mond pictures is the "Madonna and Child" by Titian, one of the last works of the Master, painted some three-quarters of a century after the Raphael, and with what a different spirit! All the old symbolism, all the splendour and richness that characterised religious painting in the early part of the century has vanished, and we find here instead of a glorious altarpiece dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the Queen of Heaven and the symbol of the Church, a small greyish brown picture representing a very human mother suckling her baby and bending tenderly over it the while. Here Titian has pushed his study of tone, his power to translate a visual impression into terms of paint, to the very farthest limits. It is a work essentially modern both in sentiment and in treatment, the only indication that it is the work of a Renaissance Master being the general excellence of the execution and the monumental character of the design, which, however, does not prevent from being delightfully natural.

Earlier phases of Venetian painting are illustrated in the works of the Bellini. Gentile's altarpiece of the Virgin and Child enthroned, painted probably soon after his return from Constantinople, is aglow with Oriental richness, and the Virgin seems almost Byzantine in her queenly yet benign expression. The whole design appears to have been suggested by the pattern of the rich Turkey carpet spread at the foot of the throne, and the warm reds and golds are happily set off by the cool blue of the sky and distant mountains. Though the head of the Virgin and the figure of the Child have been almost entirely repainted, enough remains of the decorative effect of the whole to make it a valuable addition to the already fine collection of early Venetian pictures at the National Gallery. The two paintings by Giovanni Bellini have also suffered from repainting. The attempts to soften the severity of the Virgin's head in the "Virgin and Child" have weakened the original character, but the admirable composition and colour still remain. Far finer is the "Pieta," the design of which is derived to some extent from the old Gothic representations of this subject, like the one recently presented to the Gallery by Mr. Wagner. The Bellini picture is filled with the same contrite spirit, but expressed in a language more plastic, with rare beauty in the upturned gaze of the angel on the left, whose slender arms support so lovingly the heroic figure of Christ.

Later stages of Venetian art are represented in a brilliant version by Palma of the famous Flora of the Uffizi (or did this picture serve Titian as an inspiration?), a Veronesian decorative lunette by Gisippe Porta and a portrait by Longhi which in animation and colour is the Venetian counterpart of Hogarth. Particularly interesting are some of the North Italian pictures. Two painters of Ferrara, Garofalo and Dosso Dossi, who at one time worked together, develop on totally different lines because the one goes to Rome and the other to Venice. The severe classicism of Garofalo's "Sacrifice to Ceres" is typical of the cultured taste for antiquity which prevailed at the Court of Ferrara and illustrates the careful study of classical monuments carried on at Rome in the days of Raphael. The design is taken from an ancient relief, of which a sketch, together with a description minutely followed by Garofalo, is still in existence. Both the method of work and the result attained bear a resemblance to Poussin. Dosso, on the other hand, drank deeply of the romanticism of Giorgione, and gave quite a new significance to his picture of the "Adoration of the Magi." The sky is aglow with the red light



BARTOLOMMEO: ADORATION OF THE CHILD.



TITIAN: MOTHER AND CHILD.



GENTILE BELLINI: MADONNA AND CHILD ENTHRONED.

shed by a ball of fire, which has taken the place of the traditional star, the rich draperies of the figures as they emerge from the shadowy foliage strike a note of wonder and of mystery, and the landscape seems strangely alive. Beside it hangs another marvel of landscape painting, in the picture of St. Jerome by Sodoma, who has here followed his master, Leonardo, with deeper understanding than the rather monotonously sweet Luini, two of whose works also figure in the collection. Another of Leonardo's pupils, Beltraffio, is shown in a fine profile portrait, and a portrait in the Giorgionesque manner by Francesco Torbido fills an important gap in the National Gallery.

But most important of all from this point of view of supplementing the existing collection is the "Holy Family," by Fra Bartolommeo, a painter hitherto not represented at all. It



MAINARDI: MADONNA AND CHILD.

combines the deeply devotional attitude always present in this artist's work with a fine insistence on the monumental grouping and the volume of the figures. How different are the two delightful panels of Botticelli illustrating the life and miracles of St. Zenobius, in which the figures seem to flit so lightly across the scene in front of the accurately drawn architecture, their dresses of white, vermillion and cerise, and their little black boots making an exquisite pattern on the cool grey ground! Signorelli rebelled against this simple but happy method of decorating a long panel, and the result is that his predella, though interesting, is unsatisfactory. Of the many other Italian works the healthy and colourful "Madonna and Child" by Mainardi is most attractive; two paintings only do not belong to the Italian school, an amusing group of nude figures by Cranach, and a strongly painted "John the Baptist" by Murillo.

M. CHAMOT.

THE SONG OF WAYLAND

The Wayland-Dietrich Saga, Part I, by Katherine M. Buck. (Alfred H. Mayhew, 21s. net.)

ON the title page of her great book *The Wayland-Dietrich Saga*, Miss Katherine M. Buck sums up the story which she has to tell in the following clear and useful paragraph: "Their (Dietrich of Bern and his companions) Deeds in the 4th and 5th Centuries, A.D., as told from the 10th to the 13th Centuries. Collected, set in order, and retold in Verse in the 20th Century." The Song of Wayland is the theme of Part I. At the end of her introduction, she explains with equal lucidity her aim. After remarking that the telling of the tale has given her great pleasure, she adds, "and if I can in some degree impart this pleasure to others I shall be content." In this she has realised her ambition. Hitherto, we have been indebted mostly to the Germans for those wonderful sagas, of which the Nibelungenlied stands at the top. It is included in Miss Buck's work. She says:

Where I have used the Völsunga Saga and the Nibelung Lay I have subordinated their plots to that of the Dietrich Saga, and have, of necessity, reversed the relative importance of Sigurd, or Siegfried, and Dietrich.

Her part has been to piece together the tale of Dietrich, of which that of Wayland Smith is the prelude, from such mediæval

epics, poems, ballads and prose narratives as are scattered through European literature, a very arduous task we may say in passing, but the result more than justifies the labour. The lives of those mythical heroes, so far as they had any in reality, belong to the fourth and fifth centuries, but the sagas to the thirteenth century, just as the setting of Mallory's "Morte d'Arthur" is fifteenth century, though King Arthur and his Knights belong to a much earlier date.

Wayland Smith is a familiar name outside the comparatively small circle of those interested in northern sagas. At a superficial glance, it might be thought that he must have wandered to our own shores. The Wayland Smith cave close to the White Horse on the Berkshire Downs fascinated the imagination of Richard Jefferies, as it had done that of Sir Walter Scott, and tradition has it that it was Wayland Smith's smithy, where the wanderer, if his horse had lost a shoe, could leave it and sixpence, with the result that the horse would be shod in the morning. Also, there are many place names in England that have obvious reference to Wayland Smith. There is the Hundred of Wayland in Norfolk, in which are Wayland's Wood and Watton, that is, Wat's Town (Wat being Wadé, Wayland's father). Miss Buck also mentions the neighbouring Hundreds, Attleborough, East and West Harling, Walsingham and Beccanham, reminiscent of Atli or Etzel (Attila), the Harlungs

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(Dietrich's cousins), the Wölsungs or Volsungs (*Völsunga Saga*) and Bikke, or Sibich, the evil counsellor of Armanaric, and there is an Attleborough and other kindred names in Warwickshire. The explanation of all this is that the ancient Saxons, when they crowded into Britain, brought with them the legends of their own country and took from them these names, an explanation that will apply to various parts of Europe. The real pleasure of reading this saga, however, is not historical; it lies in the introduction to a world so much younger and fresher than ours. The conduct of the heroes is remarkable by a naive simplicity. Murder and theft and other perpetrations of man just emerging from blank ignorance are described and related without blame or indignation; taken for granted, in fact, as we take for granted the little wiles and counterfeits, the bitings and scratchings of a wild animal. It is a world in which the smith held a very high place, and he did so because he was a maker of swords. The possession of a highly tempered and excessively sharp sword must have given the fighter a tremendous advantage over those who only possessed primitive weapons, and, of course, this led to the maker of the sword being credited with supernatural powers. When Wadé, Wayland's father, made up his mind that the boy should learn a craft, he took him at first to Mimer, and then afterwards hearing of other smiths, Eggerich and Eckenrich, who dwelt on a mountain called Kallava, he took his son to them:

These Smiths
Were of the dwarf kin and right skilled were they,
Knowing far better than most dwarves or men
How to forge iron; and weapons could they make
And wondrous arms; byrnies and swords and helms;
Also in gold and silver work excelled,
And made rare jewelry and every thing
That can be forged they knew how best to make.

The little men of the forge soon grew jealous of the lusty boy who with ease learnt to beat them at their own work, so they managed to send the father away that they might have the boy at advantage. Wadé went, but hid his sword in the bog myrtle, so that Wayland might be able to defend himself when attacked. He did not know when his father returned because he

at that time worked
Where roared the fiercest furnace . . . Naught he heard
Save rushing of the flames and clink of iron
And his great hammer on the anvil stone.

But we get the best vision of the times and the men when Wayland, in the service of King Nithad, got into a quarrel with the King's Smith Amilias. This feud, fanned by jealousy, became so strong that they made a match between them as to who could make the best sword, and it was agreed that the bet should be the life of one against that of the other. Said the King's Smith:

"Thou shalt a sword make as thou thinkest best,
But I, my man, will make a suit of arms . . .
Aye! Helm and byrnies and the good steel hose . . .
And if it chance that thy sword cuts through those,
So that thou e'en so much as graze my skin,
Then shalt thou have my leave to lop my head . . .
But, by the Gods! If thy blade pierces not
Through my strong harness, doubt not then, Sea-waif,
That surely I will take thy worthless life . . .

This, though a story too long to repeat, led to the forging of Mimung, for every sword of worth had its name in those days. It is interesting to read how the sharpness of the sword was tested:

Then Wayland took a flock of wool, one foot
In thickness was it, and this in the flood
He cast, so let it float down with the stream . . .
He set the sword-edge to the flock, held fast
Athwart the current, and against the sword
The flock was driven. Then the blade sheared through
So that the wool was severed in twain . . .

Wayland was not satisfied, however, and he took three weeks to make another sword, which, in its turn was taken to the stream, and instead of one foot, he took "Of woollen flock three feet both long and broad" and the sword was tried against it. The force of the current bore the flock against the edge of the sword, and the blade passed through it "as though The water's self poured through." So the making of the sword was finished, and it was called Mimung, after the name of Wayland's first master. The actual conflict is described in the following passage:

And there was a dead silence. . . Wayland stepped
Behind the stool on which Amilias sat,
And laid the naked edge of the great sword
Lightly upon the helm of the King's Smith . . .
Said he, "Dost feel aught, Smith Amilias?"
Quoth then the Smith in bitter mockery,
"A flutting leaf blown hither by the breeze . . .
Hew hard and bravely, Sea-waif, and strike down
With all thy might, or if thou so wilt, thrust!
Thou wilt have need of all thy strength and luck . . .

Oh! I will warn thee thou hast urgent need
That thy blade bite, aye! and that speedily . . .
I wager thou wilt soon know the result
An it doth not . . . Strike then, thou outcast dog!"
Then Wayland pressed the sword down and it smote,
Though it seemed lightly driven, through the helm,
Until it touched the top of the Smith's skull,
Quoth Wayland quickly, yet with quiet voice,
"Feelst aught, Amilias?" Who answered him,
With scoffing laugh, "Why, truly, stranger's son,
I feel as if some water trickled down,
Naught else but a slight tickling. . . . What meanst thou
By thy fool's questions? Strike thou! Hew hard down
And test thy worthless blade." . . . Now he knew not
The sword had pierced his helm as loud he laughed . . .
Quoth Wayland grimly, raising up his sword,
"I pray thee shake thyself, and thou shalt see
What is this water that hath sprinkled thee,"
And as he spake he struck, and the man's laugh,
As half astonished, half amused, he shook,
Turned to a choking shriek as the blade clove
Through helm and head and byrnies, slicing breast
And shearing girdle clean through haunch and rump,
Till Mimung came to rest on the oak stool,
So that the bleeding corpse of the great Smith
Fell in two halves to earth.

These extracts will not only help to give an idea of the hero as he was pictured in tradition, but also provide a fair example of the narrative style of the poem. A better could not have been devised for the purpose.

Arnold Waterlow: A Life, by May Sinclair. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) NEARER and nearer comes Miss Sinclair to the novel of ultimate perfection that she was born to write, and that she will write. This, at any rate, is the theory held by one of her most faithful admirers. Sometimes (according to this admirer) she fails rather badly, as in "The Three Sisters"; sometimes she takes an interval for recreation, for a feat of sheer intellectual brilliance, as in "A Cure of Souls"; several times, as in "Mary Olivier" and "The Combined Maze," she has been near to success, though never so excitingly near as this time. It is Miss Sinclair's beginnings (when she is making another effort after that beautiful book that is to be) which excite one so happily, for her beginnings are perfect. There is no one who can enter so exquisitely into the heart of a very young child; there she is sure, there she is triumphant. And with Arnold Waterlow, in his early years, she is more sure and triumphant than ever, though one would have sworn that such a thing was impossible. Take a sentence concerning Arnold, before he was three, exploring his mother's drawing-room: "Grass-green velvet everywhere, soft, yet agreeably stiff to the finger like the fur on the cat's nose." And then stoop down and *feel* the fur on the cat's nose—and marvel and delight in Miss Sinclair. For pearls like that are set thick on the early pages, though only one more must be quoted, the image evoked by a scene connected with a father who drinks: "The children were battened down into the basement to protect them from the storm that howled above and was Papa." But Arnold grows up and Arnold falls in love; and the sure, the perfect touch falters. It is not that his marriage with Linda is incredible; Linda was beautiful and played the violin beautifully, and young men are young men and mistake the shadow for the substance. So Arnold loves Linda, and Linda goes off, before marrying Arnold, with a musical bounder and cad called Schoonhoven, and we bear it; she goes off again with Schoonhoven after she has married Arnold and borne him a child that lived for two and a half years, and we bear that, too. But when, before this second excursion, Linda prudently preserves her boats instead of burning them—when she asks Arnold not to divorce her and Arnold promises that he won't—we are tired of Linda and considerably tried by Arnold. For Arnold writes Linda a noble letter of forgiveness, promising to take her back at any time, and Linda replies that she could never come back; and that, surely, should have been the end of Arnold's promise. But it isn't. Arnold thereupon meets Effie, who is not entrancingly beautiful and doesn't play the violin or anything else, but who is a perfect darling, with a mind, a soul and a heart all functioning admirably. And the love of Arnold and Effie is a lovely thing, born to endure. But Miss Sinclair is by this time on the very heels of the idea that is going to make her perfect book—the idea that there is a "something beyond happiness" and that thing is honour; so, when Linda is thirty-eight and has neuritis and cannot play the violin any more and Schoonhoven has turned her out, she comes back and Arnold's honour insists that he must live with her again as her husband, insists even that he still loves her. And against this we are in such furious revolt that we malevolently rejoice over the straits in which it places Miss Sinclair. For of course she has to kill Effie; when it comes to the point Effie cannot be subjected to the cruelty of living without Arnold, so she is given pleurisy and dies, and Miss Sinclair's artistic conscience must be thoroughly and deservedly uneasy about it. Still, it is not the theory concerning honour that is wrong; it is only the example of it. And next time the example will probably be right, because the mysticism that is growing more and more apparent in Miss Sinclair is the real thing, spiritualising her whole outlook. For the book in which this spirituality shall be perfected we have still to wait; meanwhile, in *Arnold Waterlow* there is treasure enough to make us happy and to give us hope more confident than ever.

V. H. F.

A Lost Lady, by Willa Cather. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THERE is very little story for Miss Cather to tell: the husband, Captain Forrester, has a stroke, grows duller, older, dies: the wife's lover marries, breaks her pride and she takes to drink, sinks very low. At the end we see two of the boys who loved her in the Sweet Water days grown men, still tender of her memory, glad to think that she has been somehow re-established before the end. Mrs. Forrester's charm is the charm of the book. Even in her ruin she is still a pathetic and a lovely thing. It is a delicate little story, but perfect of its fragile sort and something of an achievement.

THE KERRY HILL (WALES) SHEEP

ITS HOME AND ORIGIN.



EWES AND LAMBS OF MAJOR DAVID DAVIES' FLOCK.

In a very delectable land on the south-eastern boundary of Montgomeryshire—and far removed, indeed, from the trials and tribulations of the wicked outer world—there lies the small agricultural or pastoral commot of Kerry. We are told that "it consists of the ancient parish of Kerry (including the Chapelries of Dolfor and the Sarn) and the parish of Mochdre," and that "much of the region is occupied by the highlands known as the Kerry Hills."

This range of hills, in which rise the rivers Ithon, Mule and Teme, has a span of several miles and forms a natural barrier between its own beautiful county, on the one hand, and Radnorshire and the Clun Forest portion of Shropshire, on the other. Although attaining to a general altitude of some 1,500ft., with an extreme elevation of 1,666ft. in the neighbourhood of Dolfor, there is little of the precipitous or gaunt about the hills of Kerry-land which (despite their height) partake rather of the nature of great undulating uplands, "presenting a long open crest of alternating sheepwalk and plantation." The Kerry Hill sheep hails from these pleasant parts and takes its name from them.

Now there are, still, many people who cherish the belief that the Kerry Hill sheep of Wales is a breed of modern manufacture. It is not easy to account for this egregious misconception—for such, in truth, it is—on any other score than by assuming that it has arisen in consequence of the breeders of these animals having only very recently made any really widespread effort to educate the public in the history and the merits of their stock or to create a national, let alone an international, market for it.

Be that as it may, however, the Kerry Hill sheep (even in the advanced form in which we know it now) is not, in any sense, a thing of mushroom growth—as sheep breeds go. For generations past the commot of Kerry and its aforementioned neighbours, the diminutive county of Radnor and the Forest of Clun, have been famous as sheep-breeding grounds. It does not seem perfectly certain whether or not there were fundamental distinctions between the indigenous ovine inhabitants of each of the areas named in the days before man troubled himself over-much about separate breeds. But certain it is that the precedents set by the great pioneer sheep

improvers, Bakewell of Dishley and Ellman of Glynde, had a direct or an indirect influence in dictating the policy later pursued by the old-time flock-masters of Clun, Kerry and Radnor.

At the outset the Radnor and Clun men would seem to have moved with more speed in the matter of progress, and the founding of breeds of their own, than did their *confrères* from over the hills. It appears that the dwellers in Radnor relied, in the main, on the Welsh mountain sheep to assist their advance, whereas those who resided in Clun crossed their flocks with the Ryeland of those days (which had Leicester and Merino blood in its veins), and so made the "original" Clun which they, later, improved by having recourse, in a minor degree, to the Shropshire and the black-faced horned sheep which were found on the Longmynd.

Then the wave of improvement flowed on into Kerry, and the Kerry men, loath to be left in the lurch, set to work in good earnest and speedily fashioned a race of their own which was destined in time to be known far and wide as "one of the finest breeds of sheep in all Britain." And they accomplished this task by engraving the breeds which their neighbours of Radnor and Clun had established by then on their primitive hill stocks and, thenceforward, selecting and using the fruits of their labours with wisdom and foresight, and breeding with skill.

Over a century ago the Kerry Hill breed had attained such perfection as to be officially described as, at that time, the only Welsh sheep which produced true wool; while the points of the breed as set out between eighty and ninety years since show little material distinction from the standard accepted to-day—that is, of course, when a proper allowance is made for the advancement achieved by judicious selection and well ordered breeding during the years in between. It is, surely, an obvious myth, then, to say, in the face of all this, that the Kerry Hill sheep is a modern creation.

Perhaps the fact upon which the most stress should be laid in any remarks one may make on the Kerry is that it stands in the position of "combining typical hill features with the best attributes of the finest Down breeds." So entirely unique is this fusion of features which the Kerry displays that the Ministry



G. H. Parsons.

A RAM LAMB IN THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S FLOCK.

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of Agriculture itself does not class it as either a hill or a down in its excellent work on the Livestock of Britain, but does it the honour of naïvely assigning to it a small niche of its own in that temple of fame—as being a creature uniting the traits of both types. Yet it is a hill sheep, after all!

THE POINTS OF THE BREED.

It has a bright and intelligent head, with well carried prick ears—and it ought to be hornless, though embryo horns are,

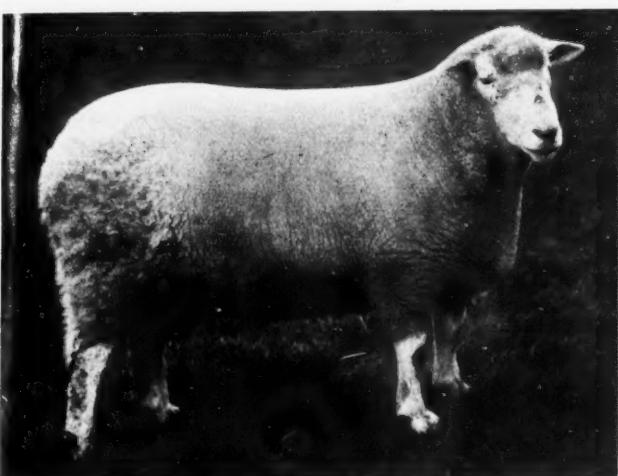
occasionally, found in the very best rams. The neck is strong and well sunk into the shoulders, which are broad and sweep evenly into a wide, level back, without any suspicion of slackness in rear of the withers. The back is lengthy and firm; the loins strongly developed, and the tail (left undocked in both sexes) is exceedingly massive and fleshy. A typical Kerry is deep through the heart and the flanks and well sprung in the ribs. The legs must be short, amply supplied in the matter of bone, and set wide apart and "four square"; a deep leg of mutton



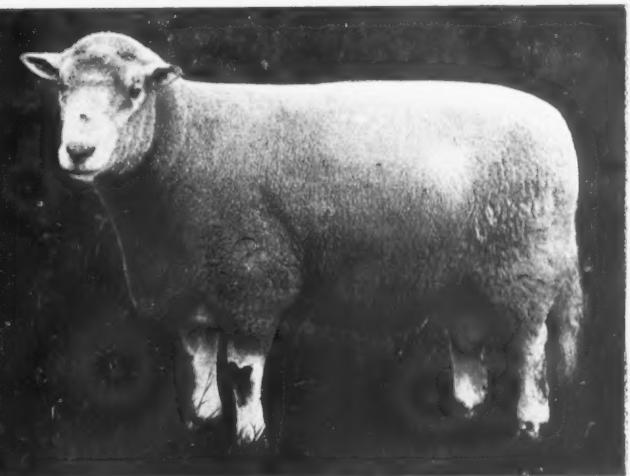
MAJOR DAVID DAVIES' WINNING EWE AT THE ROYAL SHOW, 1923.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S WINNING TWO SHEAR RAM, ROYAL, 1922.



LORD HARLECH'S FIRST PRIZE TWO SHEAR AT THE SHROPSHIRE AND WEST MIDLAND SHOW, 1923.



MR. ALDERSON'S FIRST AND CHAMPION RAM, ROYAL WELSH SHOW, 1923.



G. H. Parsons.

GWERNNOYOE CHATTERBOX, FIRST PRIZE SHEARLING, SHROPSHIRE AND WEST MIDLAND, 1923



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FIRST PRIZE AGED RAM, ROYAL LANCASHIRE SHOW, 1923.

fully developed and heavily fleshed to the hock, is a *sine qua non*. A light thigh is a fatal defect, and tall, spindle-shanked Kerrys are hopeless indeed. The skin is a rich cherry pink devoid of dark marks; and the wool, which is white, free from any dark patches or spots, is fine in the staple, close-fitting and dense, and is springy when grasped in the hand. It covers the head to the eyes and the cheek-bones (the rest of the face being clear), extends down to the knees and completely envelopes the underneath parts to enable the sheep to lie dry on all natures of land and withstand our proverbial nine months of winter and three of bad weather. A little kemp in the wool of the tail and the breech is permitted (if not even actually liked), as being distinctive of hill sheep and attesting the active, prepotent retention of hardy hill traits.

The markings of the Kerry are different from those of any other breed. The colour scheme of the face is white speckled with black—hence the time-honoured title, in Wales, of “the speckled-faced rent-payer.” The speckles usually take the form of either a butterfly marking or a peppering on the muzzle and bridge of the nose and spots round the eyes. Some little latitude is allowed in the matter of pattern, as well as degree, so long as the markings are crisply defined and distinct black and white. Dense, muddy markings are greatly disliked. The wool on the poll must be white because blemishes there, if allowed to persist, will increase and creep into the body fleece sooner or later. The ears may be spotted or white, and the legs should be spotted.

One point or another upon which breeders themselves are not wholly agreed will surely be found in all classes of stock. The principal bone of contention in Kerry Hill sheep has relation to size. Some people—perhaps led away by the lure of the show-yard and the belief that the big ones might find most favour there—contend that the sheep cannot be too large.

The Flock Book Society, however, has wisely and firmly declined to encourage that view, but has issued an edict condemning the folly of striving for excess of size at the probable cost of features of much vaster importance. It lays down the general rule that fat wethers of fifteen to eighteen months old should not exceed 19lb. to 22lb. the quarter when dead, nor stock rams 240lb. to 280lb. alive. At least three very sound reasons may well be advanced in support of this dictum, the first of them being the paramount one that the Kerry is a hill sheep for whose future behoof it is vital that hill characteristics (which are not always consistent with infinite size) shall be jealously guarded at all times. In the second place, medium-sized sheep are both easier and cheaper to keep and to finish than their out-sized relations—as an old and experienced breeder expressed it, “it is better to have three of the typical class than two that will starve when put to rough it”; and, thirdly, the smaller sheep bring in more grist to the mill, inasmuch as handy-sized “quality” mutton commands more per pound than the big does in this age when small joints are the vogue.

To sum up, then: In outward appearance the Kerry is a bold, handsome sheep, bulky, solid and square in construction



EARL POWIS'S FIRST PRIZE EWE LAMB PEN, ROYAL WELSH SHOW, 1923

and low to the ground. It looks just what it is—a big one for its size and a “weigher.” And yet it is active and sprightly withal, as becomes a hill ranger.

ITS PROGRESS AND PRACTICAL USES.

It is claimed on behalf of the breed that its progress in public esteem exceeds that of any other variety of sheep. Colour would, certainly, seem to lend to the claim by the flow of recruits to the Flock Book Society of late; by the growth in the number of pedigree flocks and their territorial expansion—it was declared thirty years since that no pure Kerrys were bred, at that time, beyond a radius of twenty miles of the village of Kerry itself; by the increased, and increasing, attention now paid to the breed by both shows and the Press; and last, though not least, by the fact that, whereas in the sheep census of 1908 the Kerry was not even mentioned, yet in the space of the ten years which followed it made such astonishing headway as to rise to ninth place in the list among all British breeds.

It has been stated already that the Kerry Hill breeders themselves have done little, till lately, to broadcast the fame of their sheep, which have, more or less, fought their own way to the front. Were one to be asked, then, “To what is the Kerry’s success chiefly due?” it might not be untrue to declare

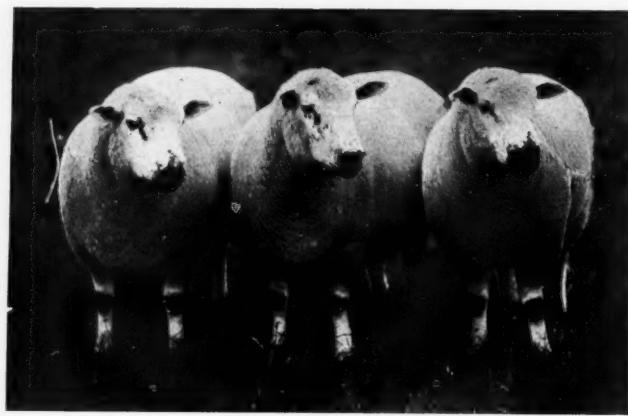
that it is due, most of all, to their wonderful gift of adapting themselves to all manner of widely divergent conditions of life—in the matters of systems of farming and climate and soil. For this gift they are deeply indebted to the common-sense methods employed by their sponsors in evolving and breeding a sensible sheep in which (while distinctive breed features have always, and rightly, been rigidly kept to the fore) the practical, rent-paying factors have never been waived, or been put on one side, in favour of fanciful fads. The result of this is that the breed stands, to-day, unsurpassed as an all-round economical one.

The ewes (which do not need a corn-mill to keep them alive in hard times) are renowned as good mothers; and the lambs, whether pure bred or crossed, are usually strong at their birth and quick doers thereafter, being ready to kill at a time when grass lamb is worth money, and not dawdling on in a half-hearted, “don’t care a damn” sort of way until late in the autumn, when mutton and lamb are both one.

Fream’s “Elements of Agriculture,” after describing the Kerry as being the most important of the numerous breeds of sheep which are found on the uplands of Wales, proceeds to speak of it thus: “These sheep are eagerly sought after by the butcher owing to their having a large proportion of lean meat, and as the mutton is of excellent quality a ready market is easily obtained. . . . The ewes are very prolific and extraordinary sucklers, and, in addition to rearing and feeding their lambs, grow and thrive rapidly when taken to better pastures. The drafts are usually bought by farmers. . . . for the fat lamb trade and are considered one of the very best breeds obtainable for this purpose.”

How the wool stapler rates Kerry Hill wool (which is consistently quoted with that of the Downs in the Bradford reports) is emphatically shown by the market returns every week.

LANCASTRIAN.



CAPTAIN NAYLOR'S CHAMPION PEN OF EWES, ROYAL WELSH SHOW, 1923.



G. H. Parsons.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S WINNING PEN, SHROPSHIRE AND WEST MIDLAND SHOW, 1923.

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ROYAL WIMBLEDON RE-BORN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THE Royal Wimbledon Club bears a famous and venerable name in the annals of London golf second only to that of the Royal Blackheath, and the opening of its new or, at any rate, completely renovated course on last Saturday was, therefore, a considerable event for London golfers. Moreover, this new course is exceedingly interesting for its own sake and is sure to give rise to many discussions. It is a picturesque, difficult, essentially modern course. Some people will say it is magnificent and others that it is a little too magnificent. Nobody will deny its merits, but some will declare their own merits not quite equal to it. That is my own first impression, and also that, I think, of a good many other golfers who saw it for the first time. But we may all of us, I am quite prepared to believe, have talked a good deal of nonsense. Both the ground and the atmosphere were damp and sluggish on last Saturday, and some of the holes that seemed a little long to us may, for all I know, appear perfectly reasonable in other weather. It is too early to be dogmatic on the subject.

One can already be quite certain that as a severe test of hard-hitting golf the course will bear comparison with anything inland, and that Mr. Harry Colt, who designed it, has been extremely deft in the use of his material. As everybody knows who has played on the old course, this material is of two quite different kinds. There is the high ground which has light soil, dotted with bracken and gorse, and is to all intents and purposes a continuation of Wimbledon Common; there is the low ground, which consists, in perfectly unvarnished language, of meadowland in a valley. Obviously the former is better suited to golf than the latter. In the old course there, it was a case of "fifty-fifty" between these two distinct types. Now the belt of woodland which lay to the right of the old first hole has been cut into and a great deal more of the better ground has become available. Of what I will call the meadow holes there are now only five, and that is a great gain. All those five are good, difficult and well designed. They are by no means the least severe on the course. But they are not and never can be, as the other thirteen indisputably are, quite "the real thing." The holes on the high ground are so engaging that one cannot help giving just a little sigh each time one plunges into the valley, and the spirits rise correspondingly when one scales the heights once more. Accordingly as people are more or less depressed by meadowland, so will their opinions differ as to the precise place to be assigned to the course as a whole; but they will all agree, I fancy, that it needs as much playing, whether as regards power or accuracy, as Sunningdale or Walton Heath or any other recognised classic among inland courses.

The old course has been turned upside down and inside out to such an extent that I shall not try to explain all the changes in detail. I should be an insufferable bore and no one would understand me. Many of the old greens have been used, but one attacks them from such new angles that one has the sensation of being suddenly confronted with an old acquaintance in unexpected surroundings and having to say apologetically, "I'm awfully sorry. I know your face but I can't remember your name." Certain holes remain practically as they were. There is the old second, now the thirteenth, the old fourth now the seventh, the old seventh now shortened and become the ninth, the old thirteenth lengthened and now the third, the old fifteenth and sixteenth which in a longer and severer form keep their characteristics and their numbers. This bald recital will give some notion of the general post that has taken place among the holes and the twistings and turnings involved in the change. That which constitutes the heart of the new course, the centre from which it radiates, where at once the full tide of golfing life surges and the indolent spectator plants his shooting-stick, is a group of brand-new holes in the country that was formerly thick woodland. Three of these are short holes, the fifth, thirteenth and seventeenth respectively: one is a two-shot hole or something more for ordinary mortals, the twelfth. Exactly how they all stand to one another I am still rather hazy, but they are all quite close together and yet there is no crossing nor chance of manslaughter. It is an unusual and ingenious plan, and those who want to watch amusing shots and plenty of them, without walking overmuch, will daily bless the name of Mr. Colt. All four of these greens are decidedly in the modern manner, that is to say, the green "stands up and looks at you" with something of a plateau air and a liberal sprinkling of bunkers all around. There is just a little too much family likeness, perhaps,

between the three short ones: they are all cousins, and it might have been more entertaining if one of the three had had a little less of that perching look and the ground had run away from the player instead of confronting him. But perhaps this is hypercritical: individually they are very good holes, difficult to play, and—which is important—very pretty to look at.

The twelfth, the remaining one of this nest of holes, is a great two-shot hole most artistically designed, which, in winter weather at any rate, will need a rather more charitable tee. I call it a two-shot hole because it is obviously so intended, but, as far as I am personally concerned, I am an imposter in doing so, because it is 480yds. long and I cannot hit 480yds. in two shots on slow ground. There are one or two other people who are in this same senile and contemptible plight, and we and our like should find the hole more enjoyable and more terrifying too if it were just a little shorter. As it is, we cannot quite reach in two shots the bunkers guarding the pin, and we get our fives and even possibly our occasional and not very glorious fours with "two of those and one of them." Were the hole a little shorter we should have more sixes but also more fun and a little less walking. I think the same remark applies to one or two other holes, such as the tenth and the fifteenth. I am not laying it down that a hole which is "two and a bit" cannot be a good hole; but in these particular instances the bit is not very exciting, whereas the two shots, if they could reach the green, would be full of thrills and splendour.

It must not be thought that all the holes are of this tigerish length. There are at least two of the length called "a drive and a pitch," and very pleasant they are. One is the sixth, where we play to the old third green but from a new tee much farther to the right, which gives a fine long carry over a bare and stony waste. The other is the ninth, and this is really the only hole out of the entire eighteen to which the epithet "mild" might be applied. Even if it were, it would be no term of reproach. Is not the ninth hole at St. Andrews a mild one, and do we not enjoy that little respite from our labours before facing the perils of the high hole and the long, stern journey home? A "drive and a pitch" can be a very soothing and delightful thing and especially on a course so rigorous and obviously splendid as is this new Wimbledon.

LAST WEEK AND THIS WEEK.

Last week saw the two Hartleys, Mr. W. L. and Mr. R. W., win the London Foursomes for a second year in succession. The field was not, perhaps, quite so strong as usual, since Mr. Tolley, Mr. Torrance and Major Hezlet were still beyond the Atlantic and neither Mr. Wethered nor Mr. Harris was playing. Nevertheless, it was a very fine achievement of these two young gentlemen to win again. They are very good golfers individually, and better still collectively, and have clearly the gift of combination developed in a high degree. Perhaps it is something of the same gift the possession of which produced at one time of our lawn tennis history so many pairs of distinguished twins. The Hartleys are not twins, but they could not combine better if they were. Their tactics are interesting and admirable. In the case of any difficult or debatable stroke, both brothers study the problem, but no word of advice appears to be spoken unless it is asked for by the brother who has got to play the shot. It is a method which combines the maximum of collaboration with that independence which a player must be allowed if he is to play his shot with confidence. It is pleasant to watch, and it wastes no superfluous time, and is to be altogether commended to foursome players of all ages.

This week sees two competitions of great interest—the *News of the World* Tournament at St. George's Hill and the English Ladies' Championship at Cooden Beech. At the moment when these lines appear Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch may be locked in a deadly grapple or Mitchell may be trying to be revenged on Duncan for Gleneagles. It is some time since there has been such a completely representative field in what is practically the professional match-play championship. Only one of the mighty has fallen by the wayside in the qualifying competition. That one is, alas! a very picturesque figure, namely, Harry Vardon. Golf is a funnier and so a more interesting game in this tournament than in almost any other professional competition, for an eighteen-hole match "for blood" is a different affair from an exhibition and the players show encouraging signs of being almost human.

PLOUGHING AND REAPING IN MYTH AND LEGEND

BY DR. C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.



SOWING AND PLOUGHING IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

IN those dim ages when the earth was young, agriculture was non-existent. Men were nomadic and roamed the world seeking green pastures and still waters; sun-worshippers, maybe, but regarding the rain-god as a friendly deity whose interposition preserved the green grass from destruction by pitiless heat and burning rays. "Sons of the Water of Heaven," as the nomads were called in Arab tradition, they ever journeyed by night in search of fresh pastures, of cool oases and living springs. Their life was a life of continual unrest, into which the ideal of an abiding place and a home had not yet entered. In course of time, however, the agriculturist gradually took possession of the earth, and nomadic life with its worship of the moon and stars passed away, to be replaced by an agricultural civilisation and the adoration of the sun. The husbandman hailed the God of Day, which brought the fruits of the field to perfection by its warmth, as his special protector. The new generation had, however, a hard struggle for the mastery, as we see in legend, and only won its position slowly and with much tribulation. The nomad thought himself a superior being and poured contempt on his would-be supplanter. It took a long time before he was ousted from his place in the world. Even Mohammed, we are told, preferred the nomad and approved his pride and self-consciousness. Tradition tells us that the Prophet related to an Arab of the desert the story of an inhabitant of Paradise who asked Allah for permission to sow, whereupon Allah replied: "You have already all that you can want." "Yes," answered the other, "but yet I should like also to scatter some seed." The permission being granted, he scattered seeds, and while yet he was looking at them he saw them grow up, stand high and become ripe for harvest; they became regular hills of corn.

Then Allah said to him, "Away from here, son of man; you are an insatiable creature."

When Mohammed had finished the story the Arab of the Desert exclaimed: "By Allah, this man can only have been a Kureyshite or an Ansari, for they alone employ themselves in sowing seed but we Desert-Arabs care nothing for reaping and sowing, that is the work of others."

The Prophet smiled approvingly.

When we turn to the mythology of the North, we see that giants and trolls were regarded by the people who worshipped Odin as remnants of the outcast race of nomads who lived in forests and rocks "a monstrous man-eating cross-breed of supernatural beings who abhorred the light of day and looked upon agriculture and tillage as a dangerous innovation which destroyed their hunting fields, and was destined to root them out from off the face of the earth."

This hatred of these giants for the race of men is alluded to in many of the northern tales.

"See what pretty playthings, mother," cries the giant's daughter as she unties her apron and shows her a plough and horses and peasant.

"Back with them this instant," cried the mother in wrath, "and put them down as carefully as you can, for these playthings can do our race great harm, and when these come we must clear out."

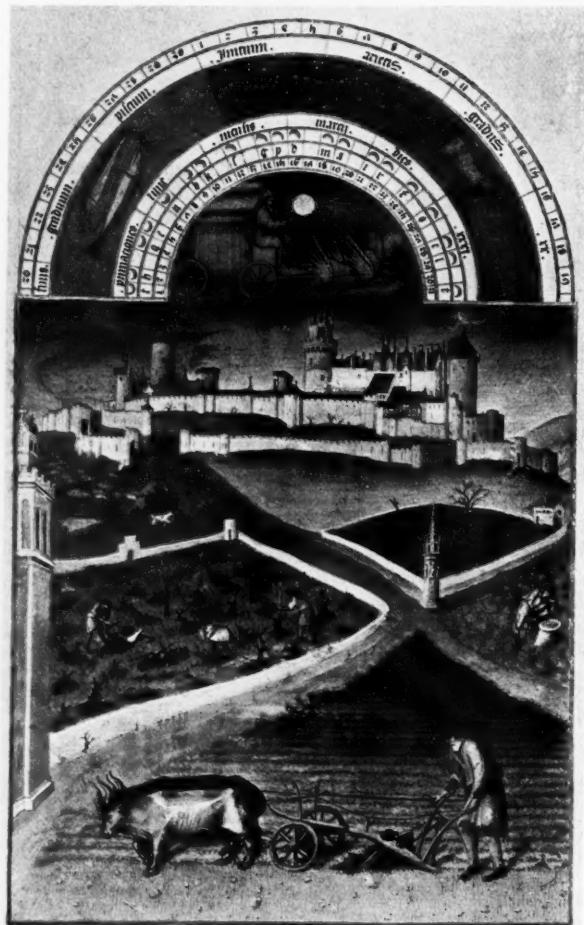
Agriculture, the secret of mankind, was unattainable to the giants of mythology, though in the myths they make many bold attempts to acquire it and are even brought to their own destruction in their desire to fathom it.

In the Norse myth of Lord Peter, the Cat keeps the Troll fascinated all night long by the story how the farmer prepared his winter rye, until at last the sun rises and the Troll, forgetful of his danger, turns his face to look at it and bursts at the sight of its glory. Thus the Cat saves Lord Peter from annihilation and agriculture is triumphant.

Since the creation of the world, many an ancient myth and legend has grown round the toiler of the soil and the beginnings of ploughing, sowing and reaping, and many a story of pagan origin still lingers in the lore of the peasant folk, especially in Northern and Slavonic countries. Greece and Rome, as we know, have also handed down innumerable tales in their mythology which tell how their gods watched over cornfields and harvests and controlled the clouds and the sunshine. In later days, when the Christian religion began to dominate the world, all these pagan and classical myths were, as far as possible, turned to account by the Christian priesthood; often losing much in artistic imagery and conception by the introduction of far-fetched miraculous happenings to convince and prove to the peasantry that the Divinity was omnipresent and omnipotent.

When at last Demeter, the Greek goddess of agriculture and founder of civic society according to classic myth, sent forth her foster child into the world in his winged car drawn by dragons, to teach men how to sow and cultivate, the inhabitants of the earth, we may presume, had ceased to wander about in a savage condition, feeding on acorns and roots. Since then and even before then, if there be any chronology in myth, mankind in legend has glorified and exalted labour of the fields and encouraged the husbandman toil for food and sustenance.

The far North had its goddess of earth, Frigg, whose attendants Fulla (plenty), Hlin (mild protecting warmth) and Gna (the gentle breeze) brought to every land the produce of the fruitful



MEDIÆVAL PLOUGH.
(From an illuminated MS.)

earth, while the children of Niörd Frey and Fryia "spread the fructifying power of the air over the earth" and brought abundance around into the dwellings of men. Frey, who presided over sunshine and rain, without which no seed could germinate, was their god of agriculture and prosperity.

Closely identified with Niörd is the German goddess Nerthus who, according to the legend related by Tacitus, crossed over from her island grove in a consecrated chariot to visit the abodes of men and drove round the fields with the object of rendering them fruitful. A single priest, so the story goes, was allowed to touch her chariot and to interpret the presence of the god on her shrine. With deep reverence he followed her car, drawn by cows, as she rode round. During this progress the people kept holiday and laid aside all their weapons of war, revelling in expectation of an abundant harvest. When the goddess had completed her journey the same priest escorted her back to her temple, but on the way thither the chariot and the robes were washed in the waters of the lake or sea. Hapless slaves who accompanied the car in the procession were straightway swallowed up by the waves. This sacrifice was made to propitiate the rain-god, without whose aid the fields could not yield their increase. A survival of this ancient pagan rite may be found in Germany as late as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when, during processions, it was customary to drive the plough, to which young unmarried girls were harnessed, into a pond or river. Young men, whips in hand, drove the young girls. In the sixteenth century accidents of an unpleasant kind were not infrequent, and eventually this custom had to be abandoned. An old Danish poem says that the gifts which the procession brings with it are health of body and plenty of fruit and corn.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the well known ancient custom prevalent in several of the counties of England of "ledyng the plough about the fire as for gode beginnyng of the yere that they shold fare the better alle the yere followyng," a ceremony to conciliate the deities who take care that not only the corn shall ripen well but that all mankind may prosper.

"In Derbyshire," writes Dr. Pegge in "Notes and Queries," 1856, "Plough Monday, the Monday after Twelfth day, is when the labours of the plough and other rustic tools begin. On this day the young men yoke themselves and draw a plough about with music, and one or two persons in antic dresses, like jack puddings, go from house to house to gather money to drink; if you refuse them they plough up your dunghill. We call them plough bullocks."

In Yorkshire also, particularly in the fifteenth century, a "fool plough," to give it its name, was taken round the village. This feast, inaugurating the beginning of ploughing, was celebrated with much rejoicing and pomp. Thirty or forty young men in shirt sleeves dragged a plough hither and thither, accompanied by an old woman or by a youth dressed up in some quaint costume. The latter carried a box in his hand to collect money from the dancers and others. With the proceeds they made merry and kept holiday. Failure to make a donation and enter into the spirit of the auspicious day was visited by penalties as, for instance, the ploughing up of the ground in front of the manor house.

The origin of the innumerable agricultural ceremonials that yet linger in many parts of the world is often lost in the

mists of time, but in Chinese tradition a definite date is assigned to the semi-mystic Emperor Shén Nung, said to have reigned B.C. 2838-2698, to whose memory cling fragments of legend and vestiges of immemorial rites. The initiatory stages of agriculture, the discovery of the medicinal value of plants and the principles of barter are ascribed to him. His name signifies the divine husbandman, for, like many other mythical heroes, the idea of an immaculate conception was associated with his birth.

In the great temple of agriculture at Peking, now fallen upon evil days, one of its four altars was dedicated to Shén Nung, and in the park surrounding the temple buildings it was customary for the Emperor in pre-revolution days to plough



PLOUGH MONDAY FESTIVITIES.



MEDIEVAL REAPING.

a plot of land in the spring of the year as an example of industry. Having accomplished this task he was handed a bag of grain by a grandee of the highest rank and proceeded to sow the contents.

In a second century tomb preserved in the province of Shantung the stone walls of the chamber are decorated in low relief with figures of national heroes. The inventor of agricultural implements is fittingly shown digging with a species of spade or hand-plough. The accompanying inscription sets forth that "Shén Nung gained advantage (from the soil) and taught how to till it; he dug the earth and sowed grain for the good of men."

In Persia the cult of Zoroaster required its devotees to apply themselves to the pursuit of agriculture, since man had been placed in the world "to maintain the good creation," an end to be attained only by careful tillage and "furthering the works of life" by the uprooting of thorns and weeds.

But perhaps the oldest myth of all, dating back thousands of years, is the Egyptian myth of Osiris, the introducer of agriculture and the god of vegetation who is sometimes represented as lying on a bier in a field of sprouting plants. In Egyptian mythology he is credited with having civilised the people by teaching them to cultivate the fruits of the earth and with imposing the same civilisation on the races round him. His great helper was his wife Isis, who taught men how to prepare the corn which Osiris had grown them. But as grain could not be grown without the aid of the ox in ploughing, he is occasionally identified with the bull god or the "Bull of Amentet," that is, the bull of the other world. In Gekhet Aaru, the "Field of Reeds," the traditional Elysian Fields or Paradise of the Egyptians pictured on the papyrus in the British Museum, Nebseni is described as "ploughing with oxen on an island the length of which is the length of heaven." Nebseni was the scribe and artist of the Temple of Ptah, the divine artificer of creation.

Yet in none of these countries, with their mighty traditions of conquest and military glory, has the ideal of agriculture as the noblest and worthiest employment to which man can set his hand, been raised so high in song and story as in Russia, long known in common parlance as the granary of Europe. The legend of Volga and Mikula, "the villager's son," demonstrates the point to which the peasant glorified the tiller of the land above princelings and fighting men. Volga, as the story goes, received on his return from a long journey a gift of three towns from his uncle Prince Vladimir as a reward for the precious things he had brought back. He at once set out to take possession and to make himself known to his new subjects who were reputed to be stiff-necked and unruly. As he rode over the open plain Volga heard a sound of ploughing. He rode in quest of the ploughman, but he had to ride for three whole days before he came up with him, though the sound of the share grating against the stones seemed so close at hand. When he at last overtook the husbandman his astonishment was great to see a plough "of maple wood and a share of damascened steel with fittings of silver and the handles of pure gold," drawn by a mare, and casting up clods of earth from side to side of the furrow. The horse's name was "Raise her head," for she could lift it to the clouds. On approaching, Volga exclaimed, "God aid thee husbandman in thy ploughing and tilling" and begged him to accompany him on his expedition. Mikula, as the husbandman was called, readily answered the summons, and leaving his plough in the furrow rode forth to accompany Volga. But they had not gone far before Mikula remembered that he had forgotten to remove his plough from the furrow, whereupon he asked Volga to send some of his men back to lift the plough and hide it in a willow bush that thieves should not steal it and that no one should discover it save only those to whom it would yield willing service—his brother peasants. In response to the appeal Volga despatched five of his mighty youths to raise the plough, but their efforts to raise it were unavailing. Then Volga sent another ten men, but their efforts also came to nought. In despair he ordered his whole bodyguard to make the attempt, but none could pull the plough out of the furrow. At last Mikula himself turned back and, lifting it with one hand, tossed it into the air, saying, "Farewell my plough. Never more shall I till with thee," after which the expedition proceeded on its way to the cities.

The battle was short and furious. Volga and Mikula were victorious. On the homeward journey Volga thanked the husbandman for his aid and enquired what his name was, expressing the desire to buy his swift steed, but Mikula replied: "What ho! thou Volga. I will plough for rye and

stack it in ricks, I will draw it home and thresh it, brew beer and give the peasants to drink; and the peasants call me Young Mikula, the villager's son."

In the minds of the Slavonic peasantry Mikula's place has been taken by the Christian saint St. Nicholas, who, they say, watches over agriculture. His horse probably signifies the thundercloud, while the "assistance rendered to agriculture through the rain by the thunder deity led in course of time to his being regarded as the god of agriculture, who opened the plains of heaven with his whirlwinds, ploughed them with his lightning darts and scattered his seed broadcast over them."

A later legend, of which traces are found in Berkshire, also extols the labour of the husbandman and insists that riches are more likely to flow from a steady devotion to the work of the field than from any other treasure hunting. Wayland Smith, in the old Saxon legend, was a venturesome fellow who out of a desire to discover hidden treasure abandoned his work in the field and dared to enter the cavern of the Smith on the hill. Making his way through the narrow passage leading to the subterranean halls of the Metal King, he arrived at the entrance fearful and trembling, not daring to advance so terrible was the sight he beheld within. But the Metal King quieted his fears and summoning him to approach, addressed him. "Change thy headstrong disposition so mayest thou transmute stones into gold; abandon thy pride so mayest thou have plenty of

gold and silver in thy chests and cupboards. Thou wouldst gather unbounded treasure at once, without labour, think how hazardous that is, and how often it miscarries. Dig thy field and garden thoroughly, manure thy meadow and pasture land, so wilt thou create for thyself a true gold and silver mine." The way of escape to the upper world was shown to the bold lad, who was glad to return to his normal pursuits.

When we glance at the Christian legends of a later date dealing with agriculture, we find, as mentioned above, pagan lore twisted and distorted to suit religious convictions. The miraculous takes less artistic forms and seems to demand a greater credulity even on the part of the people. In the main the stories point to the blessings that accrue to those who attend to their spiritual duties rather than to their agricultural.

A pretty little legend is told of St. Nothburga of Rothenburg, a humble peasant girl who was dismissed from the service of a certain Count Henry on suspicion of dishonesty. St. Nothburga thereupon took service with a farmer and worked assiduously for him in reaping his fields. One day, when the bells rang out, calling the peasantry to prayer, she was engaged in cutting the corn. On hearing the ringing bells she stopped work and, turning to her master, she begged for permission to obey

the divine call. Her master, however, ordered her to continue her reaping. "I must serve God first," she replied, and when he grew angry and threatened her that if she left her employment she need not return, she retorted, "I will throw my sickle in the air and if it falls I will obey you, but if not will you let me go to pray?" The farmer agreed, and the brave girl flung her reaping hook into the air, where it remained hanging on a sunbeam.

It is also related of St. Isidore that angels descended to plough for him, when in spite of his master's refusal to allow him to kneel at an altar hard by, he felt impelled by a heavenly mandate to disobey the earthly command.

Again, heavenly aid, but of another kind, was vouchsafed to St. Fraere, a hermit of Irish birth and itinerant preacher in France. This saint had rendered a service to a Frankish king. In return the king promised to give him as much land as he could mark out with his spade, digging a furrow, in the course of a day. The holy man set to work. The furrow was cut out in front of the implement with such extraordinary rapidity that at the end of the appointed time the hermit found himself the owner of a vast estate on which to build a monastery and where he and his followers lived in contemplation and in doing deeds of charity.



SHÈN NUNG.

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The bountiful protection of the Deity had also many other ways of preserving the saints from harm or bestowing beneficence on devotees, but one and all demonstrate the importance of agriculture in the lives of the saints and the people. The rapid growth and ripening of cornfields to protect saintly fugitives from their persecutors is illustrated in a short French legend.

In Poitou, St. Macrine, when pursued by Gargantua, was compelled to halt owing to her donkey breaking down. Fortunately, the poor saint espied some peasants sowing in a field. Hastening up to them, she besought them to tell everyone who enquired that she had passed by on the day that the sowing had begun. The peasants touched by her earnest entreaties promised to fulfil her wishes. Next day, on the arrival of Gargantua, they kept their word, and St. Macrine was nowhere to be found, but to the amazement of the peasants their crops were already standing ready for reaping; the saint had disappeared in the cornfield and made good her escape. The Deity, as a reward, had caused the corn to grow and ripen in a night.

The assistance given to St. Kentigern of Scotland was of another type, but no less wonderful. St. Kentigern went out one day to plough his fields, but found that his oxen had vanished. Nothing daunted he called two stags to take their place and ploughing continued as before. A wolf, however, came and devoured one of the stags. Still the courage of the saint did not falter. He saluted forth to the edge of the wood and summoned the wolf to come forward and take the stag's place. In fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy the wolf surrendered himself and was quietly yoked to the plough, ploughing up nine acres allotted to him by the saint. To add to the saint's troubles when the field was ready for sowing, seed was wanting, but the saint boldly took sand instead, and in due season a rich crop was brought forth. Thus did the Deity in olden days assist his servants in their daily round of work.

But legend not only exalts the husbandman and makes his crops to grow miraculously, but it also occasionally warns him that the neglect of ordinary precautions leads to disaster. There is an Estonian legend which illustrates this point. One evening a young girl was going home across a heath on which stacks of hay were standing. As she hurried along, trembling and shivering, she was pestered by a moving haycock without a band which pressed so closely upon her that the hay pricked her face and impeded her movements. She stumbled on till midnight, when a cock crew in the village and the haycock vanished. The girl made her way home with difficulty, but died within a week from exhaustion. Since then farmers say that cries for help have been heard from the heath by night, but now they are very particular that every haycock shall be tied with a band. No evil spirits can then enter and injure it.

The pioneers of creative thought expressed the visions of the primitive mind in legends, whence history was gradually evolved, and forced reluctantly to discard her chrysalis wrappings of myth.

The modern mind has found a more scientific medium that unites a firm foundation of reality and circumstantial truth to the play of imagination. Yet into the finest work of this kind something of that antique poetic fancy enters, and to several authors of the first rank Nature and agricultural life have made a special appeal. In place of Persephone there is Hardy's Bathsheba, instead of Endymion there is Gabriel Oak. Tolstoy's "Levine," Balzac's "Eugenie Grandet," and among certain other deathless creations, "Tess," are as directly the fruits of their environment, and finally subservient to it, as any fate-ridden hero or heroine of Greek tragedy. Sometimes, in Tolstoy, in Zola or Souvestre, man sinks almost into insignificance in comparison with the mighty forces by which he is surrounded, and agriculture itself appears as something infinitely greater and more significant of our relation to the universe than a mere process of ploughing and sowing, reaping and gathering into barns.

TOURING FOOTBALL TEAMS

THE visit of the first "All Blacks" in 1905 did an immense amount of good to Rugby football at home. They woke us up and got us out of the rut into which we were complacently subsiding, as probably nothing else could have done. At the same time, the success of this team encouraged the growth and spread of the game in New Zealand, so that Rugby is now the most popular game in the Dominion and is played by some 40,000 men and boys.

Whether the tour of our representatives to South Africa this summer has been worth while is not so clear. Unfortunately, many of our best players were unable to make the long journey; but still, the team which did eventually go was good enough, with ordinary luck, to have put up a stubborn fight against most of the South African teams. However, they were persistently dogged by misfortunes, not in the run of the play, which may happen to any side occasionally but works out pretty equally during a series of matches, but in accidents to players. No doubt the unaccustomed hardness of the pitches on which they played had a lot to do with this; but, whatever the reason, the result was that a false impression must have been gained in South Africa concerning the standard of British play to-day. In all, the team, captained by R. Cove Smith, played 21 matches, of which 9 were won, 9 lost and 3 drawn—a moderate performance only. Of the four Test matches against South Africa, three were lost and one drawn. Drawn matches were also played against the Transvaal and Natal; the match with the Orange Free State was lost. The forwards seem to have done better than the backs, though it must be remembered that most of the casualties were among the lighter men outside the scrummage. I understand our men were not satisfied with some of the decisions of the referees in charge of their games, and, on the other hand, some of the South African papers criticised the methods of British players, accusing them of roughness. This was officially denied by Cove Smith on behalf of his men, but it is only fair to say that there have been occasions when some of those who went to South Africa have played an unnecessarily rough game at home.

The New Zealand team which is touring this country at present consists of a magnificent body of men. Many of them are up to the highest International standard and, as a combination, they are strong enough to win most of the matches against clubs and counties on their programme—as any representative International team ought to do—but they are not supermen, as some would have us think, and I shall be disappointed if they are not beaten by at least two of the three national sides.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to compare the present All Blacks with their predecessors. For one thing, the standard of play at home has improved out of all knowledge, so that a comparison of scores made against individual teams nineteen years ago and now is useless. My own impression, after seeing them play both on wet and dry grounds, is that there are not so many players of exceptional brilliance now as in 1905.

If, instead of comparing this team with an older one, we judge their performances by what one of our own teams, say

the England XV of 1923 or 1924, would have done in all probability, their record up to last Saturday takes on a different complexion. First of all, the matches against the western counties. Somerset may be regarded as one of the best county fifteen, Gloucestershire as a good one, Devon as a moderate one, and Cornwall must be classed as weak. Yet, against the first three of these New Zealand could only score seven times, twice each at Weston and Gloucester, and three times at Devonport. True, the conditions were bad and the ground heavy, but even so these were only moderate performances. Too much stress should not be laid on the disadvantage of playing on wet grounds, for, with the speeding up and opening out of our own game, it is often a dry ground that suits a British team best.

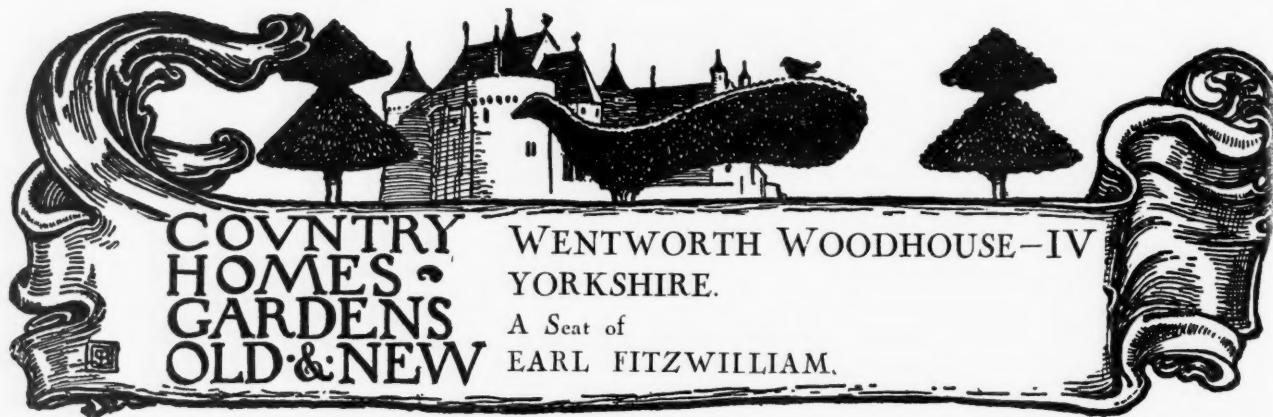
Then followed the Welsh matches, which were all arranged at the end of the tour in 1905, when the All Blacks were not at their best. Swansea to-day is a comparatively weak team and got well beaten, deservedly; their defence was weak, and a dry ground made higher scoring possible—for both sides. At Newport, however, the New Zealanders met a strong club side for the first time—and only just escaped defeat. The Welshmen were leading up to the last few minutes and, if only they had been content to keep the ball tight in the scrummages, they would almost certainly have won. Instead of doing this, they let the ball out, the All Blacks got their chance—and took it.

In last Saturday's match against Leicester, the visitors were flattered by the unexpected weakness of the home team in defence; even the forwards seemed to be paralysed by the importance of the occasion. When the poor quality of the opposition is considered, the New Zealand men did nothing very remarkable.

The most disappointing part of the present touring team to my mind is the forward play. They have certainly some very fine forwards, such as Cupples, Richardson, the bigger Brownlie and Munro, who looks like a smaller edition of L. G. Brown, but as a whole, the forwards have been more often beaten for possession of the ball than not, they are not particularly good in dribbling rushes, and their height alone gives them any advantage in the line-out. Outside the scrummage the outstanding men are Nepia, the Maori full-back, a sound man and a splendid kick; Dalley, who is misnamed, for he is wonderfully quick and a half-back of exceptional cleverness; Steel, a wing three-quarter of fine physique who takes a tremendous lot of stopping; Cooke, a five-eighth with brains and a dangerous swerve; Svenson and Lucas, three-quarters of more than average speed and skill.

It is regrettable that the play of the forwards is often unnecessarily rough and not always above suspicion. Such a fine side has no need to have recourse to such tricks as tripping, pushing in the line-out and tackling a man long after he has passed. Free kicks for such offences were much too frequent at Leicester, and the least satisfactory part of the business was that the men were not set a good example by their captain.

LEONARD R. TOSWILL.



THE length of time which it took completely to finish and furnish Wentworth House is brought home to us by Warner's remark in 1801 that the largest room (Fig. 1) of the "grand suite" to the south of the great hall was then "not fitted up." Yet sixty-seven years had gone by since Robinson had found the building in hand, and thirty-three since Young had described the decorations of this suite. A reason for delay is given by Horace Walpole. Visiting there in 1756—six years after the second marquess at the age of 21, succeeded his father—he finds "the great apartment, which is magnificent, is untouched; the chimney pieces lie in boxes unopened . . . This Lord loves nothing but horses, and the enclosures for them take place of everything." We have seen, however, that horses by no means formed the only interest of the man who was twice Prime Minister. The "grand suite," although occupying the same space to the south and composed of three similar-sized rooms as the suite to the north which we visited last week, the arrangement is rather different. On each side was an ante-room occupying the two-windowed space, rather over 20ft. wide, on each side of the great portico of the three-storeyed building. But as regards the five-windowed, two-storeyed buildings that flank the former, that to the north had first the three-windowed 40ft. wide room

and then the two-windowed 25ft. one, while to the south, the narrower room comes first and the wider one occupies the end, and therefore had a long south outer wall which we should, in these days, certainly wish to be fenestrated, but which the Rockinghams, while setting on its outer wall pedimented window frames and sashes for architectural effect, arranged within to match the panelled decorative scheme of the wall opposite (Fig. 3), and were satisfied to use east windows only. But before saying more as to this room, let us follow Young as he turned into the suite from the hall and see what was there in 1768, comparing it with what we see to-day. He tells us that :

To the left of this noble hall is a grand suite of apartments containing,

First, a supper-room, 40 feet by 22. The ceiling compartments in stucco; the center a plain large oblong; at each end a square, in which is a most elegant relief, representing two angels supporting an urned cup of flowers resting on the head of an eagle; the divisions on each side containing scrolls; the whole exceedingly elegant. The chimney-piece very handsome, the frieze containing the *Rockingham* supporters with a plain shield in white marble, finely polished; the columns festooned in the same.

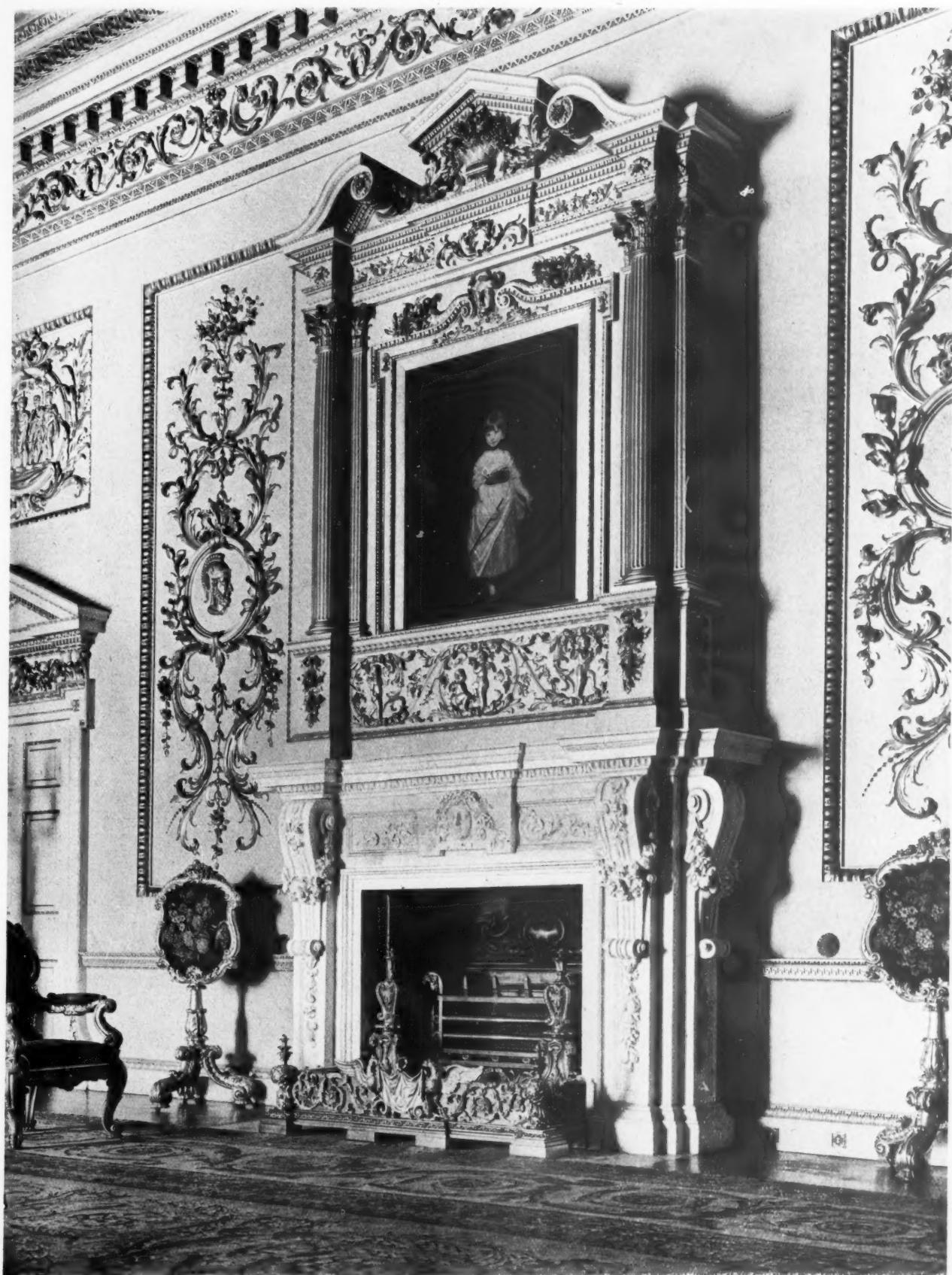
We see (Fig. 9) that the features he mentions remain untouched. The ceiling, with its broad, stuccoed beams with guilloche soffits forming a large central and smaller surrounding panels,



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1.—THE WHISTLE JACKET ROOM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.
The large portrait is that of the fourth Earl Fitzwilliam by Lawrence.

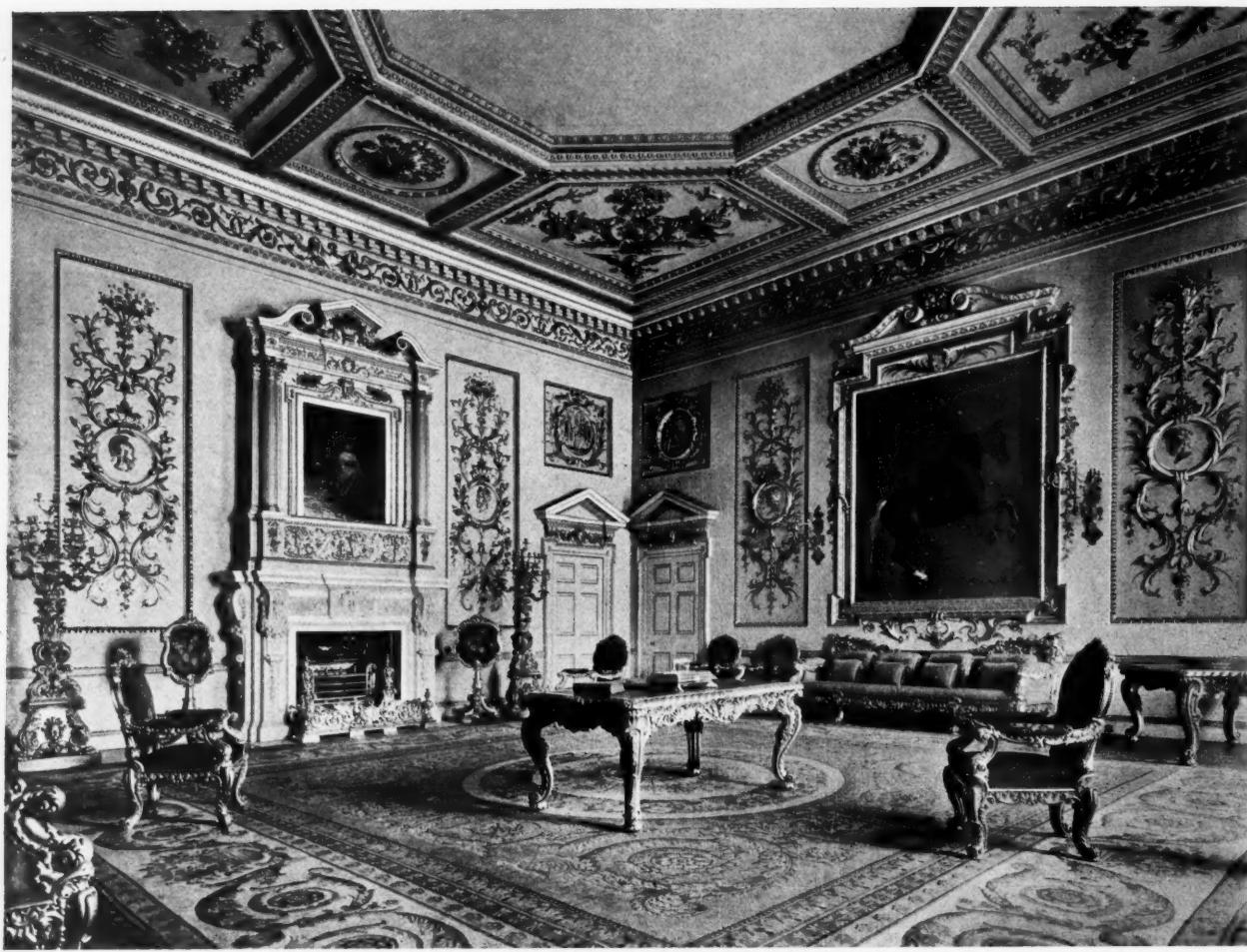
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—THE CHIMNEYPEICE IN THE WHISTLE JACKET ROOM.
The picture over it is by Reynolds and represents the fourth Earl Fitzwilliam as a child.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—THE WHISTLE JACKET ROOM FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

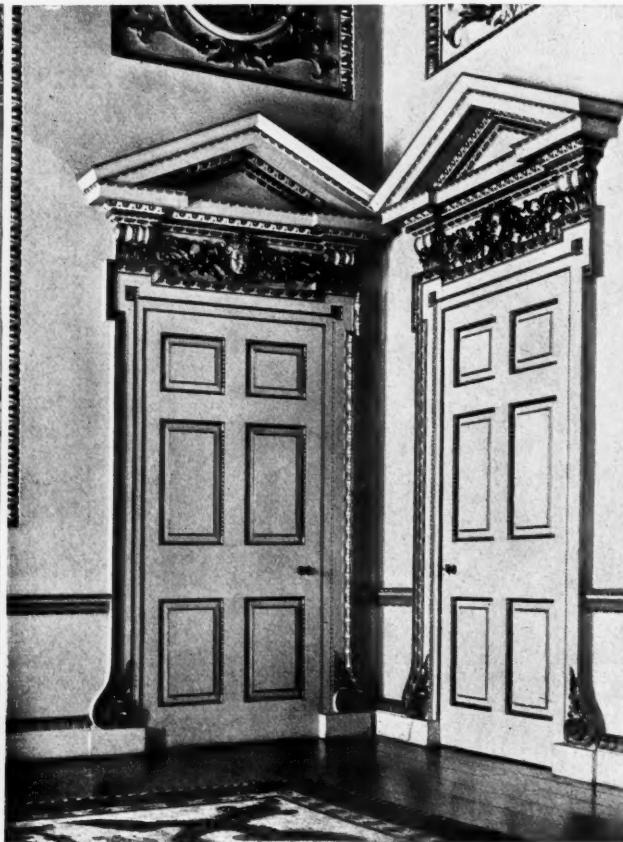
Showing Stubbs' painting (circa 1765) of Lord Rockingham's celebrated horse.

is, like that in the great hall, fully in the Inigo Jones manner. It is supported by an adequate entablature with broken key-pattern frieze and modillioned cornice. The whole reminds one of the ceiling in the Forde Abbey saloon, put up by Jones

and Webb. The walls of the Wentworth ante-room are left plain for the display of the many fine pictures which already belonged to the owners but appear not to have been hung in 1768. The most important of them, well seen to the left of the



4.—A CORNER IN THE WHISTLE JACKET ROOM.



5.—TWIN DOORWAYS IN THE WHISTLE JACKET ROOM.

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illustration, we know to have then been elsewhere, for, speaking of the attic or chamber floor Young says :

In his Lordship's anti-room hangs the famous picture of the Earl of Strafford, and his secretary, by Vandyke; and incomparably fine it is.

In 1801 the picture had come to the grand suite, but was in the next room. The "supping room" had by then been called, as it still is, the ante-room, and anyhow one of the pictures we see now was already there, for Warner mentions "William, Duke of Cumberland, by Sir Joshua Reynolds." He hangs over the door and is flanked by two other canvases by Reynolds,

of fruit and flowers on each side of a vase on which are four small but elegant figures in relief, something in the attitude of the hours in the *Aurora of Guido*.

This description answers exactly for the room as it is to-day (Fig. 6), so far as its decoration is concerned. There being no attic floor above this part, there was space for the same lofty cove, with sunk and enriched panels, as in the large library in the north suite. The chimneypiece (Fig. 8) is perhaps the best designed and most exquisitely wrought of the series in marble at Wentworth House. The terms or caryatids are very similar to those of the chimneypiece in the Houghton white



Copyright.

6.—THE VAN DYCK ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"The Adoration of the Shepherds" (Fig. 10) and "The Shepherd Boy" (Fig. 12).

Passing through the south-east doorway, Young found himself in :

Second, a drawing-room, 35 by 23. The ceiling coved in stucco; the center an oval in oblong, with medallions in the corners of the square cut by the oval, inclosed in wreaths of laurel surrounded by scrolls; the cove rising to it struck in small octagon compartments chequered by little squares, extremely elegant. The cornice, frieze, and architrave of the wainscot beautifully carved; nothing more elegant of the kind than the scroll of carving on the frieze. The chimney piece of white marble, polished; the cornice supported by figures of captives, in the same; on the frieze, festoons

drawing-room, but that has only one pair, whereas here they occur on the face as well as on the flanks of the composition. The carving of fruit and flower on the terms and on the frieze is of a Grinling Gibbons delicacy, and the sculpturing of the figures on the vase reminds us of his similar treatment of such objects in lime wood at Petworth. The room when Young saw it was probably bare of pictures and furniture, as he stops his description with the decoration. But when Warner was there in 1801 it had got its name of the Van Dyck room, from the number of pictures by that artist that had been gathered together on its walls. Over the chimneypiece is seen Archbishop Laud, the partner of the Earl of Strafford in the policy of "Thorough"



Copyright.

7.—THE SOUTH WALL OF THE VAN DYCK ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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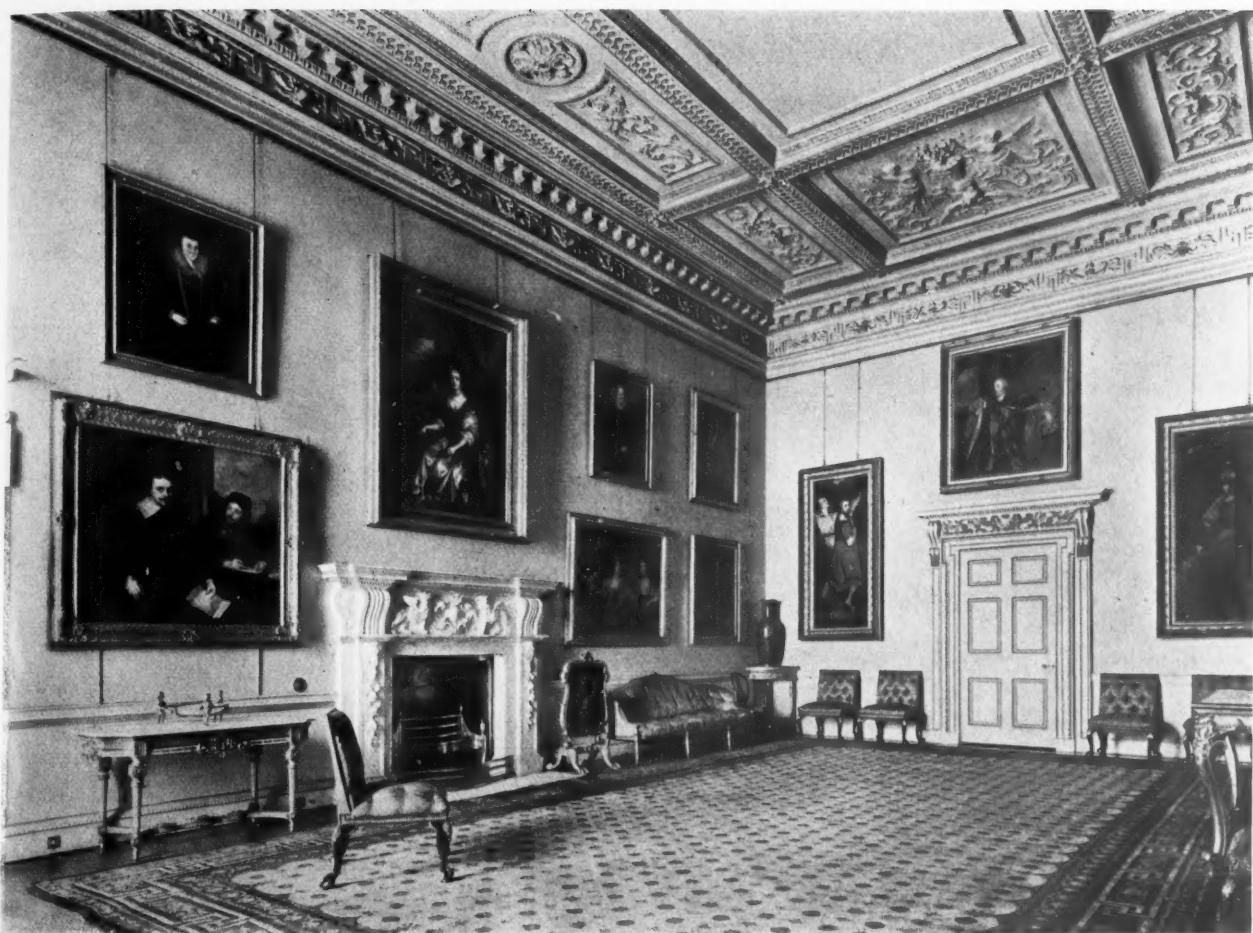
8.—THE CHIMNEYPEICE IN THE VAN DYCK ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Oct. 11th, 1924.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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9.—THE ANTE-ROOM

Van Dyck's famous portrait of the great Lord Strafford and his Secretary is seen on the left.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



10.—"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS," BY REYNOLDS.

11.—"QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA," BY VAN DYCK.
Her right hand rests on a monkey that has climbed on to the shoulder of Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf.

12.—"THE SHEPHERD BOY," BY REYNOLDS.

which brought both their heads to the block. To the left of him (Fig. 7) is a full-length portrait of the Earl in armour, his right hand resting on the head of a great hound. Facing him, on the other side of the room, is his second wife, Arabella Holles; while on the other side of the chimneypiece is their son, the second earl, and his first, or Stanley, wife. These two, however, are not by Van Dyck, while the picture of Charles I, although Warner sets it down as by him, is now attributed to Mytens. It represents the King at the age of thirty-three, cloaked and hatted as a Knight of the Garter. It hangs to the left of the west door, over which is a small canvas of his youngest son, Henry Duke of Gloucester, and on the other side is Henrietta Maria (Fig. 11), painted by Van Dyck, with a monkey on the shoulder of Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf, as to whom Warner relates :

This diminutive attendant was served up in a pie at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham, and is said not to have exceeded eighteen inches in height, until he had attained thirty years of age, when he shot up to three feet nine inches. During the civil wars, he filled the rank of captain in the Royal army; his appearance rendered him liable to insult, and engaged him in a duel with Mr. Croft, who would have met him with a *squirt*, but the dwarf proposed *pistols on horseback*, and shot his antagonist dead with the first fire.

Son of Buckingham's butcher and bull-baiter at Oakham, he was presented to the Duke at the age of nine, and the King and Queen visiting Burleigh-on-the-Hill soon after, the pie incident took place. After fighting in England he followed the Queen to Paris, and it was there that he shot Croft.

Beyond the Van Dyck room is the large Whistle Jacket room, as it came to be called after Stubbs' great canvas of that celebrated horse had been set up on its north wall (Fig. 3). But it was not yet there when Young described the room as :

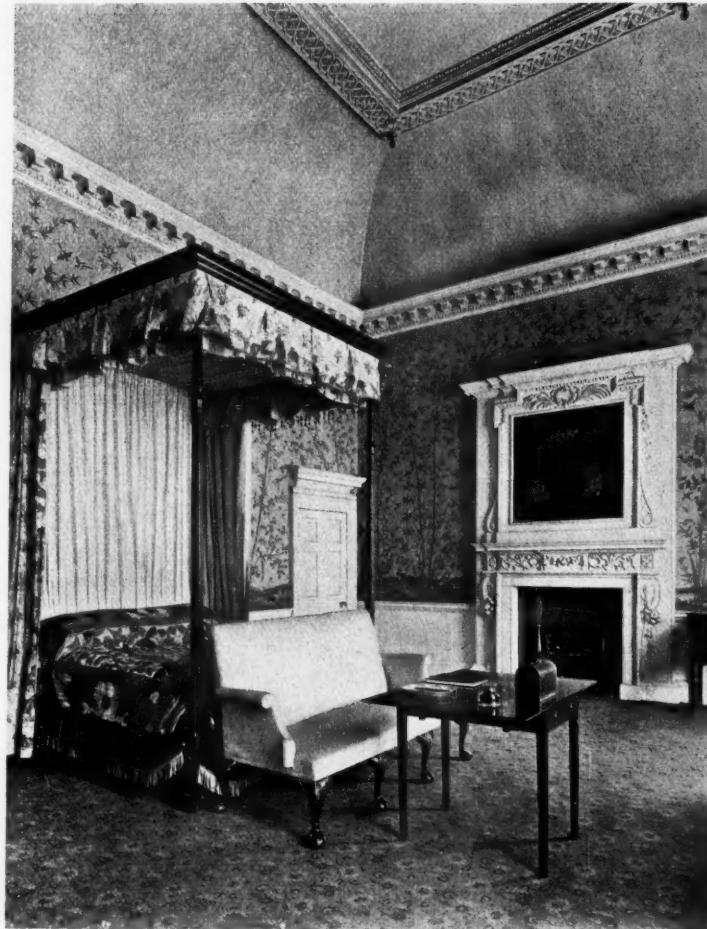
Third, a dining-room 40 feet square; the ceiling of stucco; in the center a large octagon; around it eight divisions, within four of which are reliefs of boys supporting a shield, inclosing a head in a blaze, by a wreath of fruit; over it a basket of flowers on a shell inverted; and under it an eagle spreading its wings. In the other divisions are rays in circles of fret-work: The design of the whole in a most just and elegant taste. The chimneypiece large and handsome, of white polished marble: above it architectural ornaments; a cornice &c. supported by Corinthian pillars; the whole finely carved, and surrounding a space left for a picture. In the walls of the room are panels of stucco, of a bold and spirited design, and like the ceiling exceedingly well executed. Over the doors are six historical reliefs; in the center on each side a large framework for a picture, by which are panels, inclosing in wreaths four medallions.

Of these medallions, representing Homeric heroes and other classic personages, there are, altogether, eight, that is they flank the central division on each side of the room, those on the window side having oval mirrors below them (Fig. 4). This stucco-work, which, as we saw last week, is repeated in the great room of the northern suite, cannot be put in the first rank of its age, either in design or execution. It is rich and elaborate, but it lacks the lively inventiveness in conception and the extreme dexterity in craftsmanship which was shown by such Italians as Altari, Bagutti and Vassali, at Ditchley and Mere-worth, Moor Park and Houghton, Ragley and Hagley. It marks the close of a style which was soon to be replaced by the more severe and delicate designs of Robert Adam. The woodwork is on a higher plane than the stucco. The six doorways—three only are practical—are excellent in proportion and detail, the only fault being in the spacing where they occur in pairs (Fig. 5) and so close to each other that the pediments almost touch. So complete is the stucco scheme that it admits of three pictures only in the whole room. The panels for them were void in 1768, although the portrait of Whistle Jacket appears to have been painted three years earlier. But in 1801 he was prancing in the "framework," which was fitted to him or he to it, for Warner, in this room—which he still calls a dining-room, but finds "not fitted up"—notes the presence of

A fine portrait of Whistle Jacket, a celebrated racer belonging to the late Marquis, by Stubbs. There is no back ground to this piece, the noble owner of it fearing the introduction of one might spoil the picture.



13.—THE TOP ROOM IN THE SOUTH TOWER.



Copyright.

14.—THE STRIPED BEDROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Perhaps, indeed, it may be judicious to omit them in portraits, as the relief is greater without them, and the attention then confined entirely to the subject. There is much nature and spirit in this picture, painted 36 years ago.

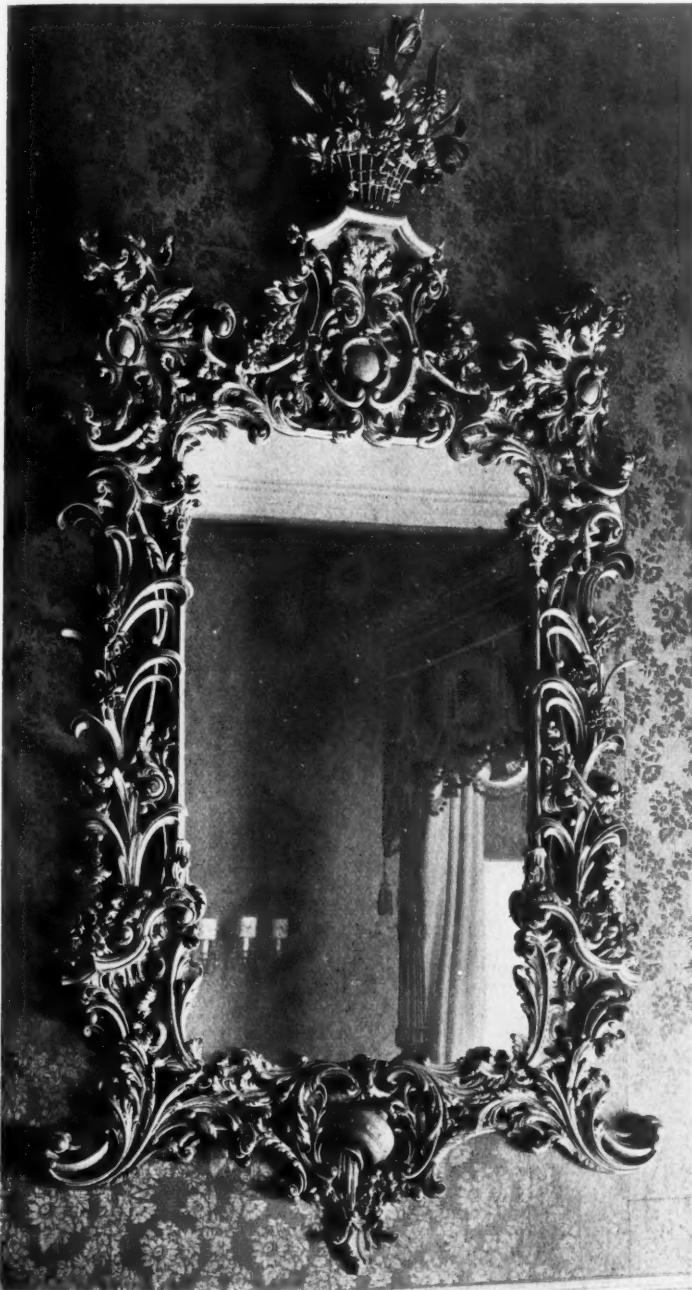
This is not the only case where Stubbs put no background to pictures of Rockingham's horses. There is quite a collection of them in the billiard-room, and two have no back-ground. One is a most perfect and life-like group of mares and foals, and it certainly gains rather than loses from the "attention" being "confined" to them. But tradition, as related by Canon Gatty, gives another reason for the condition in which the Whistle Jacket canvas was left:

There is neither shadow nor background in this picture, but it was intended that some portrait-painter should place King George III on the horse's back, and that a landscape-painter

he has seen. The "artificial beauty" of the park and woods is as noble as is anywhere to be beheld. All this, begun by his father, has been completed by the second marquess, and all he has done and still contemplates doing is "totally his own designs." Agriculture, however, is what Young was really studying, and he finds that no one had done so much for it in the West Riding as the marquess.

It was disgusting to him to view so vast a property cultivated in so slovenly a manner; eager to substitute better methods in the room of such unpleasing as well as unprofitable ones, he determined to exert himself with spirit in the attempt; and he executed the noble scheme in a manner that does honour to his penetration.

He found his farmers using inefficient implements, mismanaging their turnips, taking no pains in laying fields down to grass,



15.—MIRROR BETWEEN THE WINDOWS OF THE GREEN BEDROOM.



16.—MIRROR BETWEEN THE WINDOWS OF THE STRIPED BEDROOM.

should put in a background. But, when the Marquis heard how nearly the picture had been destroyed by the horse, who caught a sight of his own portrait just as it was finished, and would have furiously attacked it, he preferred keeping it in its present state, in memory of the occurrence.

The marquess was certainly a man of very varied interests, and had the will and the brains to give them a successful reality. We have glanced at his political career, and Stubbs has preserved by his canvases the memory of his eminence as a breeder of horses. Young insists on his high attainment and taste in architecture and the allied arts, and also on his zeal and success as an improving landowner and agriculturist. Wentworth, he holds, is one of the finest houses in England, and the largest

and ignoring drainage to such an extent that "rushes and other aquatic rubbish usurped the place of corn and grafts." Desiring to teach by example and practice, he took 2,000 acres into his own hands. Young devotes thirty pages to his description of how the marquess introduced the best methods of drainage and tillage, and then goes on to show how these had been adopted by the neighbouring farmers. He tells us that much of this was explained to him by the marquess himself, who evidently could give time and attention to the details of estate management, although he then was both a past and a prospective Prime Minister. He may have had the pride and grandeur of the great Whig noble, but he had all the good qualities of

his class, a mind educated in the arts and sciences, an inherited aptitude for the government of his country and of his estates, and a strong sense of his duty to devote himself to their service. His successor, if he did not reach the same eminence, had many of the same characteristics and continued the development of Wentworth during his half-century of ownership. Son of Lady Ann Watson Wentworth and the third Earl Fitzwilliam, Reynolds painted him as a child, and this exquisite picture (Fig. 2) now fills the panel over the Whistle Jacket room chimneypiece, vacant in Young's day. As an aged man, for long lord of Wentworth, we see him, painted by Lawrence, filling the centre of the south side of the same room (Fig. 1).

The central portion of the great Flitcroft façade contains singularly little sleeping accommodation, as it is only over the ante-rooms on each side of the great hall that the plan permitted of them. Two illustrations show the character of these apartments. In what is now called the Striped Bedroom there is another of the many Chinese or "Indian" papers of bamboos, flowers, trees and bright-plumaged birds that the Rockingham used freely both for the main house and the subsidiary buildings in the park. The chimneypiece is a charming example of the beautifully carved and enriched kind designed to hold a decorative picture: here of flowers, while in the Red Bedroom (Fig. 17) it is of sheep in an Italian landscape. Between the Striped Bedroom windows hangs a mirror (Fig. 16) in the full Chinese manner of Chippendale and other designers; while in the Green Bedroom the same position is occupied by one of a very rich baroque design (Fig. 15) where the surmounting object is a

was in hand for some years after he established himself in London in 1758 and created an immediate vogue for his manner. The most strongly marked and prevalent influence at Wentworth Woodhouse is that of Lord Burlington, to whom "the whole finishing" of the great east building was to be "entirely submitted," and to whom its first conception and its reference for materialisation to Flitcroft almost certainly was also due. Until every surviving source of information concerning him is laboriously collected and carefully weighed we shall lack material to form a comprehensive and judicious estimate of our achievements in architecture and allied arts during the reigns of the first two Georges. It is a task which wants undertaking.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



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17.—THE CHIMNEYPEICE IN THE RED BEDROOM. "C.L."

THE SEASONS

The Spring-time is a gardener, who tends his plants and flow'rs,
The Summer is a farmer, who waits on sun and show'rs;
The Autumn is a rich man, who counts his gain in gold,
The Winter is a poor man, who shivers in the cold.

NORMAN C. GOULD.

basket of flowers displaying all the airy lightness of Grinling Gibbons' touch.

It will have been the shortness of bedroom accommodation that led to Lord Fitzwilliam employing Carr to add a storey to the wings and then, or later, classic bas-reliefs will have been let into the walls of the top room in the south tower (Fig. 13), the ceiling of which is of the Flitcroft date. It is, indeed, as an Early Georgian architectural aggregation that Wentworth must be classed. The Hanoverian advent will have found it still much as the Straffords made it. The conception of it as a huge house environed by a vast area of "improved" building-dotted grounds, woods and park dawned under George I and was developed and in great measure carried out under George II. Under George III the scheme saw its complete fulfilment only slightly influenced by the change of taste. There is very little that recalls Robert Adam, although a good deal of decorative work

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ON PLANTING AN ORCHARD

THE time is nearly upon us when the variety of work to be done in a garden will seem almost more than we can manage. A week lost when the weather is favourable for planting means scamped work and endless disappointment during the following seasons. It is well, then, to prepare on paper as much of the work as possible, so that no time need be lost thinking out schemes and ordering plants when the pressure of work is great.

There will be many people contemplating the laying down of new fruit gardens this autumn, and this article is intended to urge them to be systematic and timely in the preparation of their plans. This is already beginning to be late advice, so no time should be lost. Money, time, good humour and great opportunities are so often unnecessarily lost by "rush" schemes hastily thought out at the time of planting. Plans should be completed on paper and all the trees ordered some months before the time of planting, otherwise great difficulty may be found in getting those trees most wanted; nursery stocks are not unlimited, and late orderers must be content with the remnants from other people's choosings.

I shall assume the land to be already possessed and so shall not deal with soils most suitable for an orchard. As to aspect, land with a slightly south-east slope is preferable to one facing due east; for the early spring frosts do much damage to the young flowers and fruit if the sun is allowed to play on them before the atmosphere has become to a small degree warmed and the rapid change from cold to heat lessened. It is not the frost that kills, but the too sudden expansion of the cell tissues and their consequent rupture under the heat of the morning sun.

It may be that the orchard is to be part of the general design of the garden; if so the groupings of its trees will play an important part in forming or terminating vistas from the house

or pleasure gardens, and the orthodox methods of planting the trees may be impossible. None the less, overcrowding must be avoided if the health of the trees is to be considered at all.

There are four main shapes of trees on the market (excluding wall trees). Their various uses are determined by the quality and quantity of the produce needed and the nature of the land.

Standard trees

branches 6ft. above the ground level, the stem being straight and clean of all branches up to that height. They are slow in bearing, but they have very long lives and often bear large crops, but not usually of the highest quality, because they are so cumbersome to prune and keep clean. Standards should be planted 25-30ft. apart.

Half Standards have a clean stem for 4ft. 6ins. above the ground. This method of training apples is one of the most profitable, as they form large trees which produce heavy and good quality crops. They must be pruned and cleaned as systematically and thoroughly as the smaller trees if good results are to be obtained. Half standards should be planted 20-30ft. apart.

Bush trees have a clean stem 2-3ft. from the ground. Trees with a 3ft. stem should be chosen for preference, as this will allow for adequate grease-banding. Bush trees need careful and intensive cultivation, and because of their size this can be conveniently given. This specialised treatment produces fruit of a very high quality, and this type of tree is, therefore, most suitable for fine dessert apples and pears. They should be planted 12-18ft. apart. These trees crop very early in life, and can, therefore, be used with advantage as "fillers" between the rows, and intermediate with standards and half standards to give a profitable return while the main trees are maturing. Great care and wisdom must be exercised to remove all "fillers" when they restrict in the slightest degree the freedom of the permanent trees. It is a difficult thing to grub up these "fillers," which will probably be in their prime when the time comes to remove them; but the urgency of giving free space and air to the permanent croppers cannot be over-emphasised.

Espaliers and Cordon.—These are very intensive forms of fruit culture which produce fruit of the very highest quality. Apples and pears are the usual fruit grown in this way, other kinds not being entirely satisfactory. Espaliers consist of a

main stem with two, four, six or eight lateral branches trained horizontally to wires or strong wooden lattice work. Cordon consist of one main stem with no lateral branches, and the fruit is produced from spurs arising from the main stem. They are usually trained to a stake slanting at 45° to the ground, inclined to the south and attached to a system of wirework. They should be planted in rows 6ft. apart, the trees being 2ft. 6ins. apart in the rows, which should run from north to south. Neither cordons nor espaliers should be used as "fillers," but they make a splendid edging to paths, or if fruit is allowed in the flower garden they make charming and, at the same time, profitable backings to herbaceous borders.

It is necessary at the start to have a clear idea of the proportion of hard to soft fruit and dessert to cooking fruit that will be needed throughout the year. If the piece of land to be cultivated is likely to produce more fruit than will be needed domestically and the surplus is to be marketed, take care not to choose little-known varieties, they are difficult to sell unless they happen to be popular locally. In all cases choose those varieties which you have noted through observation do well in your particular district, for local knowledge of soil and climate is invaluable if mistakes are to be avoided.

If the area to be planted is large and a quick supply of fruit is not urgent, standards and half standards are undoubtedly the most picturesque, but not nearly so productive as the smaller types because of the difficulty of pruning and keeping under control. A system of undercropping can be evolved to give a supply of soft fruit, as raspberries, strawberries and currants (especially the black varieties, which prefer a certain amount of shade), and surface-rooting vegetables can be grown between the rows, as the land will not become badly shaded for from ten to fifteen years.

It may be the orchard must serve a double purpose, utility and beauty, in which case grass may be sown between the trees once they have become established. Broad drifts of bulbs in the grass make a most delightful feature. Should grass be sown, however, and good fruit be desired, a circle with a 6ft. radius should be kept clear of grass round each tree and rigorous care taken at grease-banding time to prevent the pests that harbour in the grass from climbing the trees. Do not jeopardise the lives of the young trees by sowing grass at time of planting, they must have every chance to get well and healthily established, and grass has a questionable effect on their health.

When the area to be planted is small, it is foolish to plant anything bigger than a bush tree. With bush and cordons a quick and fine crop is ensured and a greater variety can be grown to the acre than is the case with larger trees.

Careful thought is needed concerning the general arrangement of the trees so as to ensure both beauty and economy of labour, that is to say, easy and convenient access to the land and trees. Overcrowding is always unprofitable in the long run, for the heavy pruning that has eventually to be resorted to very greatly decreases the fruit yield. Systematic thinning out as the permanent trees grow is the most economical and usually adopted method.

Standards, half standards and bush trees may be planted in any of the following ways, using the measurements previously given to determine the distance between the permanent trees:

Square (See Fig. 1).—With this system the land is marked out in a series of squares, the measurements of the sides of the square being the distance apart required by the permanent trees. If "fillers" are wanted they should be planted at the suitable distance between the trees in the rows and in the spaces between the rows. When thinning, the soft fruits are the first to be grubbed, which should be done as soon as the permanent trees or "fillers" need more room; later on the "fillers" themselves are removed. Do not delay in thinning; remember it never pays to overcrowd. A bush orchard planted on the square does not usually require thinning if the proper distances have been allowed in the first instance.

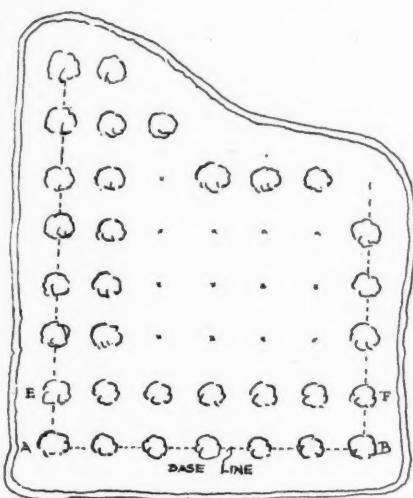


FIG. 1.

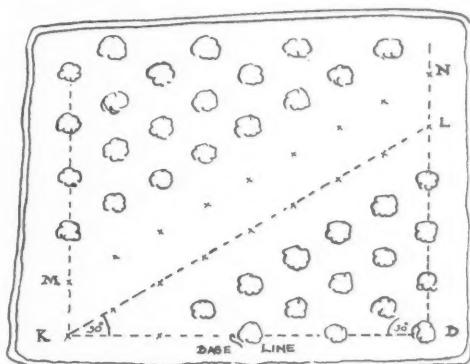


FIG. 2.

Quineunx.—This is similar to the square system, except that a permanent tree, preferably of compact upright habit, is planted in the centre of each square. Under this system it is desirable to make the measurement of the sides of the squares the maximum distance apart as given above.

Triangular. (Fig. 2).—Here the trees are planted alternately in rows. The trees being equi-distant at all points. It is difficult to thin the trees under this method, but undercropping is just as conveniently arranged.

Marking Out.—Having decided the area of land to be planted and arranged for its characteristics, such as vistas, paths, boundaries, etc., it is necessary to mark carefully the position of each tree with a stake. Trees which are meant to be systematically planted will be a perpetual eyesore if care is not taken with the preliminary marking out. Do not use twine or rope as a measurement guide, it is liable to stretch and throw the lines out of true. A surveyor's chain is usually easy to borrow.

Square or Quineunx (Fig. 1).—Decide on the base line of the plot and mark out the positions of the trees on it with stakes. Then set off two lines at right angles to it at its extreme ends. Mark off the positions of the trees on these two lines. Connect E and F with the chain and mark off the position of each tree on that line also. Continue with G and H and so on until the plot is complete. Take sightings along the lines from time to time to correct any errors that may arise.

Triangular (Fig. 2).—Mark off the base line KB and the two extreme lines at right angles as for the square planting. Mark off the positions of the trees on the two side lines. Mark off at an angle of 30° from the end of the base line, a line KL, and mark NM running parallel to it. Mark off the trees at the



THE HANDSOME FOLIAGE OF QUERCUS DENSIFLORA.

distance required on these two lines and continue marking parallel lines until the plot is covered. MARJORIE ALLEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EVERGREEN OAKS.

SIR.—*A propos* of “A. O.’s” interesting article on “Evergreen Oaks,” which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE September 13th last, I enclose a photograph of *Quercus densiflora*, the “tanbark oak.” The handsome foliage, to which reference was made, is well shown in the accompanying illustration. One striking feature is the occurrence of the deep parallel ribs running out from the midrib, which renders the species distinct from any others. The long, pendulous and graceful catkins of a glorious yellow in colour, consisting of numerous small inconspicuous male flowers, are also shown to advantage, thus indicating, as “A. O.” remarks, that the name of *Q. densiflora* is well merited.—SUSSEX.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

THE BAPTON MANOR SHORTHORNS.

IT will be heard with regret that the entire shorthorn herd of Mr. J. Deane Willis of Bapton Manor, Codford, St. Mary’s, Wiltshire, is being sold by Messrs. John Thornton and Co. on November 6th. The story of the herd was told in COUNTRY LIFE many years ago and is extremely interesting. The shorthorn career of Mr. Deane Willis began while his father was still alive in 1887, when the future owner of Bapton exhibited one shorthorn and carried away a prize of one guinea. Since then his cattle have won thousands of prizes and brought him an immense sum. The famous herd was founded by the purchase in 1890 of thirty-two heifers from the famous Sixtyton herd of Mr. Amos Cruickshank. For these Mr. Willis paid £3,200, or an average of £100 apiece. The herd was built up with much thought, a great deal of which was expended on the question whether Count Lavender, a great winning bull of his day, bred by Mr. W. Duthie, and Captain of the Guard, a red bull bred by Mr. Cruickshank, were to be used as the stock bulls. The answer, luckily, was in the affirmative, for the heifers soon began to win wherever they were exhibited. A great point in favour of Mr. Willis was that at the time there had been far too much in-breeding. The average breeder had his Bates or his Booth blood and kept to it. It proved good policy to refresh the blood of the Wiltshire herd with that from Scotland. One of the first victories was that of the white bull, C.I.V., who beat the King’s great bull, Royal Duke. The cow with which Bapton was most associated in early days was White Heather, a winner of many championships and first prizes. In the present sale eighty-four head are entered, comprising forty-two cows calved prior to 1921, fourteen three year old heifers, seven two year old heifers, fifteen yearling heifers and four stock bulls. The females are from such families as Kilblean Beauty, Eliza, Clipper, Augusta, Lady Dorothy, Rosewood, Goldie, Jealousy etc., and a few are descended from White Heather. Over twenty of the females and a number of calves are of the Crocus family, descended directly from the Sixtyton herd. The stock bulls are Bapton Chieftain, sired by Billington Snowstorm; the two year old Cluny Prince Regent, by Cluny Regal Star; and the home-bred Bapton Esmond, sired by Diamond Pierre, from Ermine. It is scarcely necessary to point out what a very important sale this is bound to be.

END OF SUMMER AND BEGINNING OF WINTER SHOWS.

The first week in October marks the end of the summer show season, and the retrospective eye turned upon it has no very satisfactory survey to make. The main characteristic of the season is that the showyards have, as a rule, been very well filled in spite of the many discouragements to which organisers were subjected. Foot-and-mouth disease has been a continuous trouble, and has affected the shows both directly and indirectly. Breeders are not to be blamed because of showing a certain timidity about sending their animals to a distance, especially when some of the local authorities made it very difficult to get the animals back without a long quarantine. Then the weather—but on that topic there is nothing instructive to be said. It has been only too prominent a feature throughout the show season, besides

having a disastrous effect on crops. But for a time the book will be closed in regard to summer shows, and the attention of the breeder will be concentrated on the fat stock to be exhibited at Christmas. Already the notices are out about the Norfolk and Norwich Christmas Show Association, which will hold its forty-fifth annual exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, Norwich, on November 20th, 21st and 22nd. The prize lists are drawn up on the usual liberal scale, and the show will be, as usual, a combination of local and general competitions.

BREEDING GUINEA FOWLS.

The value of the guinea-fowl as an article of food is appreciated by very few. It is a domesticated bird—but only just so—and can be reared to carry a large amount of succulent flesh upon its breast. The flesh possesses a delicious, delicate gamy flavour, but without the hardness so characteristic of many wild birds. Provided the stock birds be given a free range over suitable land, they are remarkably prolific, the food cost is very small and the youngsters can be reared as easily as ordinary chickens.

Guinea-fowls are monogamous; hence mated pairs must be the rule; but if there happen to be one or two extra hens in the flock their eggs will probably be fertilised by the mated males. They are also gregarious; they thrive best when the flock numbers from fifteen to twenty pairs. Such a flock can be accommodated in an open-fronted shed 15ft. long by 10ft. from front to back. Perches made of natural wood should be fitted, but there is no necessity to supply nest-boxes, since guinea-fowls prefer to lay away from the house.

The number of eggs produced depends largely upon the manner in which the birds are fed. Individual specimens may lay upwards of 200 eggs a year; the average over a good flock is generally about ninety. The hens should be watched very carefully and the nest of each hen noted. When a bird has laid half a dozen eggs the nest should be visited every day, and as more eggs are laid these should be removed and hatched under ordinary hens. The birds are encouraged in this way to continue laying for many weeks.

The birds, being given a free range, will find the greater part of their food. To assist laying, however, a good feed of wet mash should be provided every afternoon. A simple mash of middlings, Sussex ground oats and bran, but with at least 20 per cent. of meat meal added, answers the purpose admirably.

Guinea chicks are very easy to rear in the natural way. They find their legs quickly and after a few days will take to wandering far afield in search of food. The broody hen, however, should be allowed to remain with them until they are a few weeks old so that she may regulate their movements and protect them in time of need.

It may be added that guinea fowl are very useful for the table at a time when other birds are not plentiful—that is to say, when the shooting season has closed, making partridges and pheasants unavailable, and it is too early for spring chickens. At that particular time of the year, say between the end of February and the beginning of May, guinea fowl come in very useful; they are readily sold and not difficult to cook.

W. B.

THROUGH SINAI TO THE RED SEA

BY SCUDAMORE JARVIS.

THE Sinai Peninsula is chiefly famous as the scene of the Israelites forty years' wanderings, and popular fancy depicts it as a land swarming with quail where a thick deposit of manna falls nightly. In reality it is a triangular tract of absolute desert, extremely mountainous and rocky in the south and centre, with a belt of sand dune country some twenty miles deep to the north. Quails still abound in the spring and autumn during their migrations to and from Europe, but are mostly seen along the coast line, and the Israelites must have been fortunate to have met with them in Central and Southern Sinai. Nobody has yet satisfactorily accounted for the manna, as there is nothing in Sinai at the present time that could possibly be mistaken for it, unless it be the gum which falls from the acacia trees—in which case one can sympathise with the Israelites.

Although Sinai is not exactly the place one would choose in which to spend forty years, it has a certain charm all its own, and as desert is infinitely preferable to the Egyptian Sahara, which has no rainfall, and which is absolutely barren and devoid of vegetation. Scrub grows all over Sinai, and in some of the bigger wadis, or valleys, where water flows during the rainy season, the scrub trees grow to a respectable height. Game, though scarce, is not non-existent—the ibex are found in some numbers in the mountains to the south; gazelle graze in the open spaces in the north; two kinds of partridges, the chikor and Hayes' partridge or see-see, are widely distributed over the

the little brown bird in Norfolk. The chikor's one aim and object in life is never to fly if he can run, and as he invariably takes to a steep, rocky mountain-side, the odds are very much in his favour. Incidentally, he is extremely wide awake and, unlike the English partridge, does not crouch on the approach of danger but immediately makes for the steepest and rockiest piece of geography in the vicinity. Running shots, therefore, are by no means barred, and if one is lucky enough to get a sitting shot so much the better, but such opportunities are few and far between.

Three guns were available on the day in question—one was placed on the top of the 400ft. hill that bounds Wadi Gedeirat to the south, one halfway up, and one on the floor of the wadi itself. The orders to the line were vague, *i.e.*, on sighting a covey to give chase and continue to do so until human endurance could stand no more, and for the others in the vicinity to act upon Blücher's advice and go to the sound of the guns. This system is as successful as any with the chikor, for if pushed to the extreme he either becomes fed up or tired, and one occasionally comes upon odd members of the covey who get up in approved style and give one a sporting shot. On this occasion the gun on the floor of the wadi chased a covey up to the half way man, who in turn pushed it on the gun at the top, and a shot at the leading bird put them on the wing, giving the middle man a right and left and the other a single bird. The covey was marked down on the hillside some two hundred yards away and—probably because the old cock had been killed—they forgot their



ASCENDING THE PASS OF AKABA.

Peninsula; while the leopard, wild cat, lynx and spotted hyaena are fairly common in some parts. Nevertheless, opportunities for sport in Sinai are not sufficient to attract the hunter in quest of big game, and, generally speaking, it is only a place which one visits on duty, when the chance of a shot at an ibex—or a few partridges for the pot—tends to enliven what might otherwise be a wearisome trek.

I was one of a party detailed to visit Akaba, a small and very degenerate port at the head of the arm of the Red Sea that almost cuts off Sinai from Palestine and the Hedjaz. I had visited the place on a previous occasion, and my most vivid impression had been the extraordinary possibilities of the fishing in the Gulf. On a dead calm evening I had seen the whole of the Gulf a boil of rising fish, with the water churned to foam as huge specimens of the bonita, dolphin and other big fellows of the herring and mackerel tribe broke the surface in pursuit of small fry. It seemed an absolute certainty that if one trailed a spoon behind a boat, or even spun from the shore, one would be into a fish every minute, but on that occasion I had nothing in the way of fishing tackle with me. On the trek in question, therefore, in addition to a gun and a goodly supply of cartridges, I carried a rod and spoons and minnows of every size.

We left El Arish, the headquarters of the province, by car on a crisp winter's morning with a blazing sun overhead, and at midday reached Kosseima—known to the Israelites as Kadeish. At Kosseima and also in Wadi Gedeirat, some four miles away, there are springs of fresh water rising to the surface, and in the Gedeirat the flow is sufficient to form a small brook that wanders down the valley for about a mile. The Arabs cultivate the valley with wheat and barley, and the presence of both food and water attracts several coveys of the chikor partridge. Shooting the chikor partridge in Sinai is by no means the same as shooting

usual tactics and got up singly from under the big boulders, so that three more were bagged with sporting and, incidentally, easier shots. A running partridge, to those who have never tried a shot at one, is a very difficult bird to hit and a still harder one to kill. A second covey, however, maintained their discipline and refused to fly, though relentlessly pursued along the rocky hillside, so that only one which paused to look back from the top of a rock met his fate. By this time the party were utterly devoid of breath and wet through with honest sweat, and as the sun was down behind the mountains we returned to Kosseima, where we discovered that the partridge, though preferable if hung, is a distinctly appetising dish eaten fresh.

The following morning early we went by car along the frontier road winding through rocky valleys and mountains, reaching Kuntilla, a camel corps' outpost, at midday. Here two coveys of Hayes' partridge were found feeding on the camel lines. The Hayes' partridge is quite as good at running as the chikor, and is, if anything, harder to come to terms with, as he has an aggravating habit of getting up and flying for a quarter of a mile whenever one comes within a hundred yards of him. By good staff work one gun got well ahead, and once again had the good luck to knock over the old cock, whereupon the whole discipline of the covey went to pieces and the remaining birds scattered and crouched. By quartering the ground carefully over a wide area the covey were put up singly at easy range, and four more birds were bagged. Had more time been available we could probably have got many more, but it was necessary to reach the head of the Pass of Akaba that night, and at 3 p.m. we set out, doing the forty odd miles in an hour and a half, which is good going for Fords on a desert road.

The scenery at the head of the pass is wild and mountainous in the extreme, and has the charm of being totally unexpected.



"IN A CRANKY DUG-OUT CANOE."



FAROAN ISLAND.

One approaches the pass across an open and apparently unbroken plain till one sees looming up in the distance the pale pink outline of the Hedjaz mountains. Then suddenly the plain ends and one looks down over rugged peaks to the deep blue of the Gulf of Akaba some four thousand feet below. As the colouring of the peaks ranges from pink through light red to brown, the intense blue of the sea forms a very striking contrast.

The following morning early, after a distinctly cold night, we left the cars behind and, with our kit on camels, walked down the rocky road made by Khedive Ibrahim during his invasion of the Hedjaz some eighty years ago. The road has now been swept away in many places by winter floods, and is no longer passable for wheeled traffic. A mile and a half down the pass we met the Hedjaz outpost on the frontier, not a very impressive sight, as it consisted of two very ordinary-looking Arabs armed with Mausers, who dwelt in an army bell tent, the front half of which had been burnt away. The sergeant—for one of the Arabs rejoiced in that rank, though he wore no marks of his office—was expecting our arrival, and we scrambled down the rocky road, the camels following, till we arrived at the head of the Wadi Masri, where it was possible to mount and trot the remaining ten miles to Akaba.

Akaba was occupied by British troops during the war, and the one relic of their sojourn there is a wireless station, which, strange to say, the Hedjaz Government still keeps up. A guard of honour of some fifty Arab soldiers met us at the old fort and presented arms. Their equipment, clothing and drill generally were, to say the least of it, not up to the standard of the very smart Soudanese camel escort accompanying us, and the remarks overheard in camp that night were distinctly amusing, for the Soudanese is blessed with a very keen sense of humour. The Sherif of Akaba, who is of the Hedjaz royal family, had prepared a luncheon for us which consisted of the usual sheep cooked whole and placed in an enormous dish of rice. Fingers only are used, and one's host tears off dainty morsels with his hands and passes them to his guests. The eyes are considered a great delicacy, and some of the other "morsels" are not quite those portions of the sheep one is accustomed to meet with at the Ritz or Carlton.

Lunch over, we started back along the shore road to Wadi Taba, a charming little valley that opens on to the gulf on Egyptian territory. On the way a solitary mallard on a tiny pool of water by the shore was bagged, a satisfactory addition

to the pot, for the mallard is the most scarce of all the duck that visit Egypt and, incidentally, the best eating.

The whole of the sea was boiling with feeding fish, and we hurried on in the hope of being able to cast a line that night, but in this we were disappointed, for we did not reach Taba until the last glow in the west had died away.

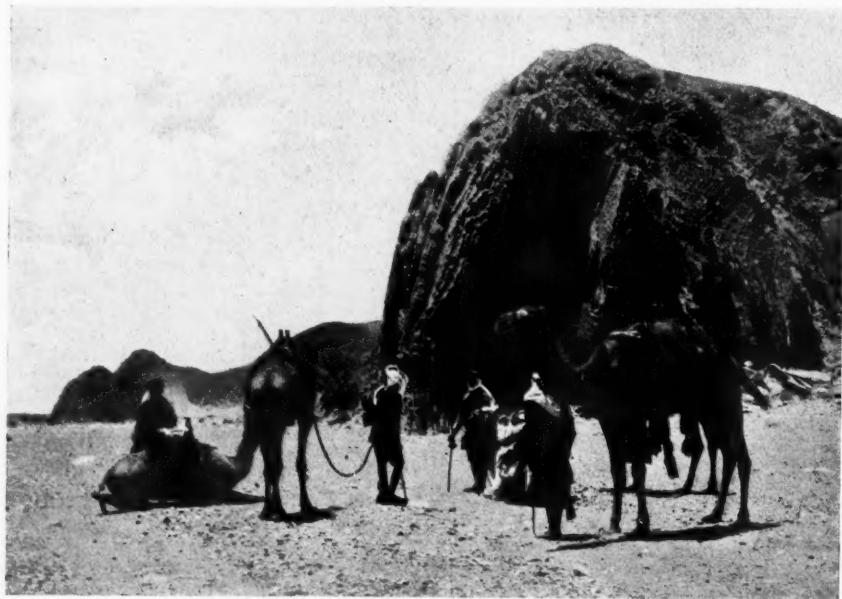
Taba consists merely of a deep wadi that comes down through wild, mountainous scenery to the sea, and at the end of the valley is a small waterhole of very indifferent water and three dom palms. Ibex are occasionally met with in the mountains, and one usually sees here the coney of the Old Testament—a small brown beast very much resembling a large guinea-pig—the correct name of which is the hyrax.

Early the following morning we set out in two very cranky dug-out canoes, confidently expecting to meet with the most wonderful sport. Huge fish of many different varieties were plumping after small fry all over the gulf, but though we spun spoons and minnows, and cast with silver doctors and fly spoons, we never had a touch. During the three days we were at Taba we tried every form of fishing except live bait and caught nothing; nevertheless, we felt convinced that if someone with the requisite knowledge of this form of sea fishing were to exploit the Gulf of Akaba the sport would, to say the least of it, equal that found at Port Soudan.

In desperation we tried the local method, *i.e.*, a very stout line with one huge hook baited with a piece of grey mullet. The line was sunk into a chosen spot by means of a stone loosely tied on, the stone being jerked off when the line had reached the bottom. By this means we caught many big bottom feeders of four or five pounds weight, including some terrifying eels with brown spots and the most gaudy red rock fish with sky blue spots. In fact, in some places one hauled up a succession of brilliant fish, every one different, until the bottom of the boat looked like a shop window decked out with regimental and club ties.

Needless to say, the coloration was no guarantee of edibility, and they were one and all of the well known cotton-wool-and-hairpin variety when cooked. The local fishermen, however, kept us supplied with the most delicious red and grey mullet and another fish of the bream species.

A visit was paid to Faroan Island, which lies about two hundred yards away from the mainland and is regarded as of some strategic value, as there is a Saracen castle built along the rocky crest. The island itself is only about two hundred yards by



AT WADI TABA.

seventy-five, and the castle, which is built of stone without mortar or cement, is a very fine specimen of the architecture of that day. It is said that King Louis IX, St. Louis, was imprisoned there for a short time after his capture near Mansourah during the Crusades. The channel dividing Faroan from the mainland is of great depth, but the water is so clear that it is possible to see every detail of the bottom, gaudy fish swimming in and out of the rocks and the tentacles of octopi waving out of the crevices.

The voyage back to Taba was somewhat thrilling, as our canoes, which were, to put it mildly, most unseaworthy, were decidedly over-canvassed. In a steady breeze one managed to maintain one's equilibrium, but with the wind suddenly sweeping down the huge valleys one was frequently caught aback. The sail, which had been part of an old army bell tent was very unwieldy; the halyard block on the mast was a cotton reel

and seemed hardly up to the work required of it, so that it was necessary for one of the hands to get to the top of the mast every time we changed our tack. Considering that the sea was swarming with sharks, we were not sorry when we reached Taba, the owner of the boat having made no effort to allay our fears; in fact, he admitted that the craft frequently changed hands owing to casualties!

The following morning we left Taba and camel-trekked up to the top of the pass, where the cars awaited us, and ran on to Kuntilla, arriving there with sufficient daylight in hand to bag a few partridges for dinner. The following day we ran on to Kosseima, thence to El Arish, where a very pleasant trek ended, disappointing only from the point of view of fishing, the secret of which remains to be discovered by some more skilful adherent of Izaak Walton, for undoubtedly the fish are there waiting to be caught.

ROUTES AND RATES

MOTORISTS desiring to know what use is made of the taxation exacted by a rapacious autocracy, or collected by our enlightened governors (select your own phrase) should read the Minister of Transport's annual confession bearing the title "Report on the Administration of the Road Fund." The issue for the year 1923-24, which has just appeared in a volume of sixty-two pages, adorned with maps, deserves a more epigrammatic title, such as the "Renaissance of the Road" or "Ways and Means."

That this annual record should be published by a department of the State affords welcome evidence of the national light in which roads are now regarded. True, the County Councils and other local authorities continue to play an active part in the maintenance and improvement of highways, the yearly cost of which in England and Wales now exceeds £40,000,000, but these bodies are encouraged and aided in their work by the Roads Department of the Ministry of Transport, whose function it is to inculcate national, rather than county or provincial, standards in the road communications of the kingdom. No small influence can be exercised in this direction by a department which administers the Road Fund derived from the taxation of all vehicles. Gross receipts for the calendar year 1923 amounted to roughly 13½ million pounds, collected from 1,141,400 motor licences and 215,083 licences for horse-drawn vehicles. The receipts are 15½ per cent. higher than in the previous year, and everything points to a progressively increasing revenue in future. Moreover, unlike income tax, the payments flow in with exemplary punctuality, owing to the notorious fact that a car cannot be used until the tax has been paid. If we were similarly unable to use our income without producing an income tax receipt, the collection of that branch of the revenue would be expedited.

How is the yield of the Road Fund spent? The report shows that slightly more than nine millions is distributed to highway authorities in grants towards the upkeep and improvement of roads which the Ministry has designated as belonging to Classes I and II. These comprise, of course, the principal arteries of the country—22,000 miles in Class I and 14,000 miles in Class II. On the Ministry's road maps, published by the Ordnance Survey, the classified roads are all numbered and distinguished by red and green colouring respectively. Generally speaking, the grants amount to 50 per cent. of the actual expenditure on Class I roads and 25 per cent. in the case of Class II, but assistance on a specially liberal scale is given in the Highland districts of Scotland where the population is too sparse and the land too bare to support the burden of road maintenance. Nearly £200,000 is allocated in contributions towards the salaries of highway surveyors, in whose appointment and dismissal the Ministry of Transport can now claim a voice, thereby improving the status of the profession.

Many new roads, new bridges and road improvement schemes have been pushed forward to mitigate unemployment, and for these purposes no less a sum than £8,000,000 has been allocated during the year 1923-24, the total cost of the schemes in question being nearly £12,000,000. Doubtless the larger schemes will take some years to execute, so that the expenditure will not all be drawn from one year's revenue of the Road Fund.

Notable items in this £12,000,000 programme are the new road forty miles long from Glasgow to Edinburgh, of which the first sod was cut on August 22nd, and the reconstruction of the Menai Bridge which after a century's service is, not unnaturally, incapable of carrying modern traffic. It is worthy of remark in passing that senile decay should have infected in the same year the Menai Bridge and Waterloo Bridge—structures so dissimilar in design and appearance but both dating from the first quarter of last century. In the same unemployment programme are included numerous arterial road schemes in Greater London (Orpington, Watford, Barnet, Farnborough, Bexley Heath, etc.), besides scores of similar projects distributed far and wide over the face of the country.

The steady extension of the Greater London arterial road system is well illustrated by a map extending from Uxbridge

in the west to Southend in the east, from Hertford in the north to Epsom in the south. These new highways now under construction or completed in the home counties have an aggregate length of 202 miles and are usually 100 ft. wide between fences. Numerous gaps have still to be filled in; here and there blocks of obstructive buildings have to be demolished, canals or railways bridged; but link by link the chain is being forged, and already 110 miles of these great arteries are either open to traffic or receiving their final surface, preparatory to opening. Let us hope that the Minister of Transport will soon acquire the powers he is seeking to plant trees along these roads, and that the local authorities will use every endeavour to "town-plan" the areas traversed and to enforce adequate building-lines, so that orderliness and beauty may be added to the sternly practical qualities of these highways. Before the roadsides are studded with buildings, a glorious chance is open to generous wayfarers to acquire and dedicate to the public a few strips of shady woodland or a commanding hillock here and there, so that travellers of the future may bless the foresight of their ancestors who saved some quiet nooks from the ravages of the bricklayer. In the inner ring of the metropolis much remains to be done in splicing together the frayed ends of these arterial roads—a fitting task for the new London Traffic Authority. Thus, for instance, the Eastern Avenue which strikes out from Hackney into Essex should be linked up *via* the Euston Road with the Western Avenue which leads forth from the "White City" at Hammersmith to Uxbridge. So, too, from the East Ham and Barking By-pass an extension should be hewn westwards through the wild industrial jungle of Silvertown to tap the more spacious thoroughfares of the East End—Whitechapel, Commercial Road and Cable Street.

As one result of the present vast campaign of road-construction the milestones of the country will certainly need drastic overhauling, for a glance at the map will show how materially the distances from London to Dover, Southend, Tilbury, etc., will be reduced by the opening of these new communications.

Among the bridge projects which the Road Fund is assisting one is glad to see mention of Berwick, Queensferry (Flintshire), Nottingham (Trent Bridge), Reading (Caversham Bridge) and Poole in Dorset, besides hosts of others.

Many of our readers whose interests are centred in the country will be interested in the particulars given of the special grants made to highway authorities in rural areas for the improvement of less important roads which do not benefit from the ordinary classification grants. For this purpose a sum of £1,500,000 was made available in May, 1923, and a further sum of £1,250,000 in December last. These allocations should do something to ease the burden carried by the agricultural community in these hard days and to demonstrate the national stake in the entire road system of the country. It is to the general advantage that there should be this infusion of the national spirit into our highway administration and that roads should be viewed, not as a local appurtenance beginning and terminating on the boundaries of a rural district or a county, but as a strand in the great cable of British communications. It is symbolic of this new sentiment that traffic censuses should now be organised at stated intervals throughout the whole network of Class I and Class II roads, and that the Report now before us should lay down for the consideration of all local authorities certain guiding principles and ruling dimensions to be adopted in the widening and improvement of Class I roads. Elsewhere useful advice is given regarding the ultimate economy of more costly road materials in districts where the more rudimentary methods have outlived their usefulness. Other interesting paragraphs give a survey of road accidents throughout the country with an analysis of their causes; while a lengthy chapter is devoted to a project which has been drafted for providing new access to the London dock district at a cost of upwards of three million pounds.

Toll roads and toll bridges come under review; there are still sixty-four toll roads and 127 toll bridges, but fortunately

the number is dwindling and we may hope that no long interval now parts us from the universally free highway.

Since the Report was compiled, the Minister of Transport has announced that a further sum of £5,000,000 is to be devoted to the modernisation of certain main trunk roads, in addition to the routine programme of the highway authorities. Much activity appears to have characterised the Ministry under Colonel

Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M.P., and their present successor, Mr. Harry Gosling, M.P.; but if, as the Report records, there was an increase during last year of 16½ per cent. in the number of licensed motor vehicles, the utmost energy will be required to accommodate this increasing host on our roads. To the Minister and his lieutenants, all travellers will wish success in their labours and "more power to your elbow."

THE ROCK MONKEYS OF GIBRALTAR

MOST visitors to Gibraltar have heard of the rock monkeys and expect to see them as one of the sights of the fortress. If their stay is short they may be disappointed, as these monkeys sometimes disappear from the public gaze for days at a time. They are said to be the only wild monkeys in Europe, and their presence on the Rock has never been explained, though various improbable theories are believed in by the inhabitants, one of which is that they came from Apes Hill (Djibl Dersa), Morocco, by subterranean passages. There are caves at Gibraltar from which run unexplored tunnels where progress is made difficult by a series of precipices. Some years ago an officer and party attempted to explore one of these passages and never returned; nor could a search party, which went to the rescue, find any trace of them. The popular belief is that Djibl Tarik (Gibraltar) and Djibl Dersa (Apes Hill), the Twin Pillars of Hercules, are connected by these tunnels. But even if this is so, it is hardly feasible that the Barbary apes could have arrived by this means.

The writer had been stationed at Gibraltar for some weeks before making the acquaintance of these famous apes, and when they did appear their presence was rather surprising. On going into the mess at lunch-time, there were two great hairy creatures, with limbs far bigger and stronger than any man's, calmly sitting on two small tables examining some empty wine-glasses.

It was almost alarming to burst in and meet one of these great creatures face to face for the first time, and the inclination was to withdraw hastily with a muttered apology. However, a little tactful encouragement dislodged them and no damage was done—not even a broken wine-glass!

On another occasion, as Mess Secretary, I had to inspect a table which had been carefully laid for a guest night. The head waiter proudly led me into the dining-room to admire his handiwork, and there, instead of a spotless table, complete in every detail, we beheld a regular colony of monkeys gathered round the dessert, peeling oranges and bananas with great dexterity and daintily breaking up bunches of grapes. The waiter was annoyed and threw various knives and forks at them, thereby increasing the damage without unduly hastening the leisurely departure of the visitors, who took the remainder of the fruit with them and sat in some adjoining trees, defying us.

Monkeys jump such extraordinary distances, and land with such accuracy, that they seem to be incapable of an error of judgment; but we once had proof of the fact that they are not always infallible. On the first-floor veranda of our quarters some oranges had been left, and these were espied by some of



"THE OLD MAN."

the apes from a tree in the compound, whereupon two of them jumped simultaneously for the narrow open window, meeting one another in mid-air with a resounding thud. One got there and the other did not, this unfortunate creature catching hold of a very slippery stone ledge and hanging there gibbering with obvious fear. By a miracle, it finally swung round and jumped back for the tree, catching hold of a few outer leaves and quickly swinging itself to a better position before these gave way.

The monkeys were something of a nuisance to those guards who occupied isolated positions on the Rock and were very persistent in their attempts on the men's rations. On one occasion I visited one of these guards to find that a monkey had stolen the men's dinner, retiring to the roof of an adjacent bungalow to enjoy his spoils. The victims of this theft were pelting the offender with stones, and it was amusing to see the monkey dodging and ducking as these were thrown. It even picked up those which fell close at hand and flung them back.

When visiting this same guard at a later date, just as the sergeant reported, "All present and correct," and I was about to dismiss them, a great commotion arose in the trees above and I was nearly swept off my feet by a sudden rush. The Old Man monkey was driving off a young male, and the latter completely upset what dignity I aspired to in his wild dash for safety. This same old monkey was a menace to his fellows, being past his prime and yet playfully slaughtering any young rivals of his own sex who threatened his supremacy.

Having seen monkeys near this particular guard on every visit, I decided to stow a camera in my pocket and try for a photograph of them, in spite of the fact that they are quickly alarmed at anything unusual. Luck was on my side, for there was the Old Man sitting calmly on a wall which guarded a sheer precipice. I advanced quietly while he was interested in more important matters, and got a "close-up" snap. At the click of the shutter he turned quickly and, reaching an incredible distance, snatched my camera. I trembled as he held it over the precipice, turning it this way and that in his curiosity. But apparently he decided that it was harmless and lost interest in it, putting it down on the wall in disdainful manner.

A lady to whom I described this incident asked why I had not taken a photograph of the monkey with my camera! I explained that I did not always carry a supply of spare cameras, and that, at the time, I had been deprived of the means of further photography.

Owing to the fact that the monkeys were doing considerable damage in the town, arrangements were made for feeding them



A YOUNG FEMALE.

up the Rock, and visitors were requested not to tempt them down by offering delicacies such as oranges. For a time this appeared to answer well, but quite suddenly they all returned and were regularly to be seen about the South Port Gate, sitting on the walls or running along the telegraph wires where they looked utterly incongruous. They became a general nuisance, raiding private houses and helping themselves to food and any articles of interest. One old monkey watched a friend of mine shaving for several mornings, and was eventually seen to jump through the bedroom window and seize his razor. It would take a good blade to shave a Barbary ape, and obviously the intruder was lacking in experience. After a few slashes he flung the razor out of the window, gibbering with rage and pain. So we were never privileged to enjoy the unique sight of a clean-shaven monkey.

Another little habit which the monkeys contracted was that of collecting kittens as playthings. They would steal these and carry them off into the trees and rocks, where they would let them go and watch their attempts to escape, always catching them again before they got away. No attempt was made to feed the unfortunate kittens, and these died of starvation, their dead bodies being carried round as long as circumstances would permit. I happened to be Hon. Secretary of the S.P.C.A. at that time and received many protests from

subscribers, but, as I lacked the climbing powers of the apes I had to confess myself beaten. On one occasion, when going round my guards on a very dark night, I heard a kitten mewing in the rocks above and drove off its captor with a well placed stone. After a perilous climb I rescued the kitten and restored it to its original home; but this was the only instance of the S.P.C.A. teaching the monkeys a lesson, for they are lawless fellows.

Needless to say, these apes are more or less sacred, and the residents will never molest them. There is also a fable that if they desert the Rock, the British will lose it shortly afterwards. But General Smith-Dorrien is a man who does not set much store by such old women's tales. During his period of office as Governor of Gibraltar, he decided that the monkeys were too much of a good thing and that some or all of them must be removed. This caused an outcry, even the London dailies taking up the agitation with paragraphs headed "Gibraltar Monkeys To Go" and so forth, giving sensational particulars of their history and significance.

We are glad to hear that four monkeys have been allowed to remain on the Rock, and Gibraltar is to retain some of her famous apes after all. It is to be hoped that they will behave like little gentlemen and so obviate the necessity for more drastic measures.

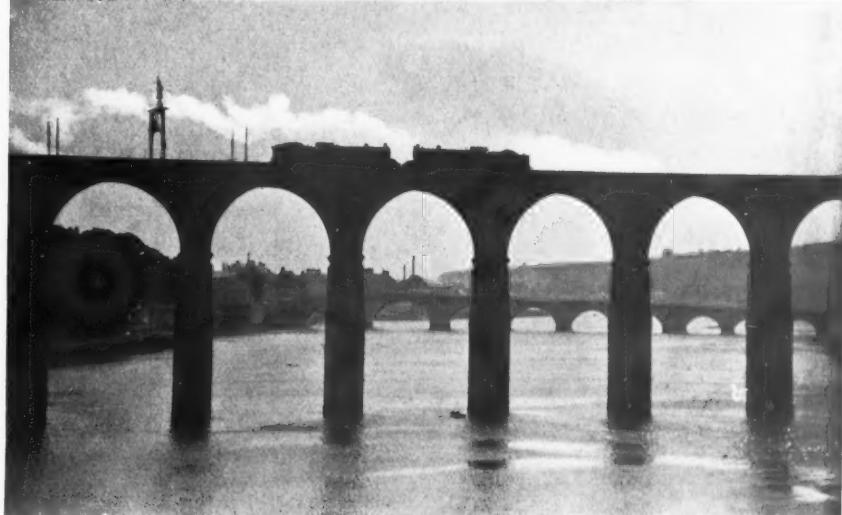
R. F. MEREDITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TWO BRIDGES OF BERWICK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Following "Northward Bound" in your last issue, you may like to publish a photograph of the two bridges at Berwick, the railway bridge and old Border Bridge built in the time of James I. There is a great contrast between the old and the new. Both are beautiful; the more ancient with the charm of the past lingering over it and the later one a triumph of engineering as well as of construction. Its wide sweep across Tweed's fair river forms a most picturesque "gate into Scotland." Across it go the tourist and the sportsman, men of business, men of pleasure. Across the older one used to travel many less peaceful pilgrims. It is no longer adapted for the changed modern traffic. The great motor-vans, charabancs and the other ponderous vehicles that wear out the strongest roads of the day are shaking this bridge to the foundations, splendidly built though it is. Moreover, it is so narrow and the little shelters so insufficient, that it long has been the scene of ever-recurring accidents. Its beauty and historical associations have saved it from destruction. Instead of trying to mend, that is, spoil it, a new bridge is being planned to cross the river between the two to carry the heavy burden of modern traffic.—W.



THE GATE TO SCOTLAND.

THE DOGS OF TIBET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may care to see this photograph of a pair of young Tibetan dogs. Dogs in Tibet can roughly be divided into two classes.

There is an ill-bred, rather fierce mastiff type, used for hunting and watch dogs, and there is the mongrel scavenger who haunts inhabited places. He helps the vultures in their task of disposing of dead Tibetans who are not burned

or buried, but exposed on the hillsides.—
J. L. PRYDE HUGHES.

SHOOTING FLYING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," published in 1801, has a note to this effect: "In the reign of Charles the First no person shot flying: what is now termed poaching was the gentleman's recreation, and so late as within sixty years, an individual who exercised that art was considered as performing something extraordinary, and many persons requested to attend his excursions that they might be eye-witnesses of it. Since that period the practice has become more common, and is at present almost universal; so that lads of sixteen bring down their birds with all accuracy." It is curious that no definite information is extant concerning the first attempts to shoot birds on the wing. Probably the information is available somewhere if one knew where to look for it. Readers of "Tom Jones" may recall Partridge's story of his life: "I was born in a village of Somersetshire in 1657.

My brother now at the age of fifteen, bade adieu to all learning, and to everything else but to his dog and his gun: with which latter he became so expert that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a standing mark with great certainty, but he has actually hit a crow as it was flying in the air." Evidently when Somerville (1692-1742) wrote "The Chase," setters were used in conjunction with netting partridges:

" . . . there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind
upborne
The floating net, unfolded, flies, then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives rise in
vain." A. CROXTON SMITH.



TWO LITTLE TIBETANS.

Oct. 11th, 1924.

A GUARDIAN CAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—There is an old Scotch lady who lives all by herself in a Chinese house at the foot of the Kuling Range. The place is very isolated, and it takes her half an hour's fast walking to reach the garage where the motor cars from Kiukiang stop and the passengers take their chairs for the steep five miles climb to Kuling. In spite of the wildness and solitariness of her abode, this old lady has lived alone for years, busily engaged in mission work. She has had a black English cat for nine years, and this animal has acquired a strange taste for killing snakes. The cat bites the snakes in the neck or back, thus partially paralysing them and rendering them incapable of wriggling away; and having captured a snake she always brings them into the house to show to her mistress. Miss J.— tells me that she has always made a point of taking the snakes from the cat and throwing them away, so there is nothing to show whether they were caught merely for sport or with a view to eating. The snakes brought in by this cat were occasionally quite two feet long. There are nearly always one or two leopards round about where Miss J.— lives. Occasionally a dog is taken, and still more rarely a cow mauled; but as a rule the leopards content themselves with the small Yangtze Valley deer and wild pigs.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

SUPERIMPOSED NESTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Referring to the description and illustration of the interwoven nests of a pair of wrens and a pair of chaffinches published in COUNTRY LIFE a year ago, I think your bird-loving readers would like to see the enclosed picture of superimposed nests of the "hornero," or oven-builder (*Furnarius rufus*), fortunately a still abundant species in this country (Uruguay) and a most charming and interesting one. The case is, of course, not a parallel one, since it is not a matter of competition for a building site, the nests, of which there are really three, having been constructed in successive years by the same pair. I do not write "seasons" because the birds work on their new home during the winter months. It is a too massive, elaborate and wonderful construction to be made ready in a few days in the spring-time, like the nests of other birds, and it is, in fact, a marvel how the owner, with his slender bill, can put together so cleverly, so accurately and so solidly such a bulk of masonry. Unfortunately, it was not easy to get nicely into the picture all three nests, of which the lowest is the newest and is not quite finished, the partition not having yet been carried round into the interior. I have not been able to visit the spot for a long time, but another winter is with us and, for all I know—if no vandal has been there and the builders still



THE OVEN-BUILDER'S HOME.

survive—yet another nest may have been added to the group. The nests are very durable and it takes a long time for wind and weather to demolish the old ones. The oven-bird, where "civilisation" has not progressed too far, is of a very tame and confiding nature, very usually making his home on and about habitation, though, fortunately for himself, he also frequents the "camp," far away from dwellings, as in the present instance. His favourite nesting site is perhaps the top of a tall post, particularly of a telegraph pole, or at the point on the latter where the cross-piece is attached, and it is not unusual to see two nests there, one on each side of the cross. I recollect examining one perched on the top bar of a big paddock gate four or five feet only from the ground, the gate having not infrequently to be swung right over to let stock or carts go through. Another common site is on the ironwork of a windmill. I remember seeing "Furnarius" in the Zoo at home some years ago and regretting that he had not been provided with a partner, a suitable post and some clayey mud to tempt him to build. He surely would, given room enough, and greatly entertain the public with his quaint and cheerful ways.—GOLONDRINA.

"LIKE THE INNOCENT FLOWER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—As I have never seen a more attractive or natural picture of a baby than this, I think



WHO'LL BUY MY POSIES?

it may give your readers pleasure to see it. The urchin, who is not yet two years old, had driven his photographing father to despair by his refusal to pose becomingly, when he suddenly decided to collect a bouquet and was delightfully caught in the act of saying to his other parent, "flowers, mummy."—M. A. WHITFIELD.

THE PLAGUE OF ROADSIDE WEEDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Your interesting and instructive leading article in the issue of September 20th on the subject of weeds and the obligation which lies upon the road authorities to keep them in check upon the roadsides raises a question of the greatest importance. The roads and lanes in most country districts are being continually patched up. Countless heaps of flints and stones are dumped along the margins and allowed to lie there for months. When they are cleared away there spring up in a few weeks the sturdiest and most pernicious crop of weeds that intensive culture can produce. I know of one semi-main road which has been repaired and widened over a six-mile length. For the greater part of that distance the once beautiful grass and wild flower margins are one long line of thistles and nettles sufficient to ruin the fields for the whole distance. I am not a farmer, but I wonder what the farmers and the road authorities have to say about it. Many of our commons are suffering in the same way.—A. C. DENHAM.



THE SALMON'S LEAP.

AT THE FALLS OF ROGIE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I send you a snapshot showing the great leap of a salmon against the Falls of Rogie, near Strathpeffer, Ross-shire. I hope you may care to publish it.—R. B. MOORE.

THE WEAK TO THE WALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—It may interest you to know that in the ancient church of St. Martin at Canterbury, wherein some form of Christian service has been continuously held for close upon two thousand years, there were no seats in the centre in olden times. The young and strong of the congregation stood or knelt as is the custom in the Greek churches of to-day. Against the walls of the nave, however, stone benches were formerly fixed, but these were reserved for the aged and infirm. Hence the expression, "The weak must go to the wall" employed entirely in a protective sense.—M. M. MCPHERSON.

OLD PHEASANT SHOOTING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—It is curious to read, in records of nearly a hundred years ago, when pheasant shooting was almost everywhere free to all, of the tactics to which ardent sportsmen resorted in order to outwit their neighbours and return with heavy bags. "If a rival shooter races to get before you on the ground"—so writes the expert—"push him hard for a long time, always letting him have the advantage, and then give him the double without his seeing you. Having done this go quietly round (supposing you have been beating up wind) and, on reaching the place where you began, work steadily and closely the whole of the ground or covert that you have been racing over, and you will be sure to kill more game than him who is beating and shooting in haste through fear of your getting up to him and (if the wind should rise) driving the *dispersa* and consequently *closest-lying* birds to your beat as fast as he can.

"When staying in a town, take care not to let every one know where you shoot, by pompously riding through it with a display of guns and dogs, but either send on the latter in the dark or take them closely shut up in your gun-cart. If driving, cover your shooting dress with a box-coat; if on horseback ride out of the town on some road diametrically opposite to where your sport lies, and then double back again on other roads or by crossing the country. If you return by daylight enter the town again by this means, or, at all events, in the most quiet and private manner, otherwise you will soon have your beat worked by every townsman who can muster a dog and a gun." But even in the year 1835 there were here and there little bits of ground whose proprietors endeavoured to preserve the game for their own guns, and to these the Ancient gives the following counsel: "On the other side of the hedgerow," he says, "the land may belong to some one with whom you are not on terms. In such case you have only to sow sunflower-seeds and plant *Jerusalem Artichokes*, likewise strew the ground plentifully with raisins, and the pheasants will inevitably be attracted to your side of the hedgerow."—J. M. DODINGTON.

THE FIRST AUTUMN MEETING AT NEWMARKET

NOT often does it occur that the chief event of a four-day meeting produces the best race. Theoretically, we may agree that it should do. Last week there took place at Newmarket the first of the autumn series of three meetings at headquarters, that known as the "First October," and the outstanding event was the Jockey Club Stakes of a mile and three-quarters. It was worth exactly £6,624 to the Aga Khan, who had the great good fortune to annex this fine stake with his four year old mare, Teresina.

There was a time when the Jockey Club Stakes was worth approximately £10,000 and was one of three such events decided during the season, the other two being the Eclipse Stakes and the Princess of Wales' Stakes. Nowadays the Eclipse Stakes is the only one retaining that value. Still, close on £7,000 was a splendid contribution to the Aga Khan's magnificent winning account. It was made very big when Diophon won the Two Thousand Guineas. It has been swelling ever since in spite of a most disappointing Ascot and the fact that the two year olds have not so far come up to expectations. But then there was the achievement of Salmon Trout in the St. Leger, and now the victory of Teresina in this rich race.

We missed the Derby winner, Sansovino, who obviously is not considered to have regained his right form; but there still remained the elements of a most attractive race. Top weight—the very big one of 9st. 10lb., due to having earned the extreme penalty—was carried by last year's Derby winner, Papyrus. He was set with a big task, but we who were at headquarters assumed that he would not have been allowed to run had it not been thought he would do credit to himself. He was produced looking probably better than at any other time in his life. His able trainer, Basil Jarvis, had got him big and strong, he was heavily muscled up in the right places, and his eye was keen.

Papyrus is no more than of average size, in which respect he is, of course, like a good many just ordinary horses, but you have to be impressed by his exquisite quality and his perfect demeanour. His trainer has a genuine love for him, since he says he has the most perfect temperament of any horse he has ever had to do with, good, bad or indifferent. You can imagine, then, that Papyrus in his rich dark colouring made a big impression when he came on view just before going to post for last week's race. It was known that, win or lose, this was going to be his last race before taking up stud life at Mr. Hornung's place at West Grinstead in Sussex.

Papyrus had to give Teresina 9lb., which included, of course, the sex allowance of 3lb. As they were second and third respectively for the St. Leger a year ago, the weights now were bound to bring them close together. It was astonishing how accurately form worked out, and not only where they were concerned but in the case also of Parth. Teresina is of fair size and shows quality in all her lines, but she is spare and even light. She must be of the wire and whipcord variety with a wonderful constitution, which fact, of course, imparts the stamina. Parth has not the gracious lines of either of the other two, but there is a deal to like about him, while he is more commanding and at once catches the eye in a paddock inspection.

I thought Polyphontes looked lighter and possibly more lifeless than had been the case at Doncaster for the St. Leger. Perhaps this is scarcely surprising, seeing that he has been hard at it since the first week of the season. He must be a hardy sort to have stood what he has. Strictly on the Eclipse Stakes running he had the beating of Papyrus, but it had to be remembered that this was a race of an extra half-mile. Many of the public placed much faith in Obliterate, perhaps because he stays well and has recently been showing some form, while he ran prominently for the St. Leger. However, I am beginning to think the St. Leger form was very moderate, and certainly the result of the Jockey Club Stakes makes out the three year olds of 1923 to have been relatively better than the three year olds of this season.

The race was run at a fast pace, which was everything in favour of Teresina. It was what all associated with her hoped for as being the chief aid to her success. Well, their wish was answered in the sense that two in Sir Abe Bailey's colours and Lighthouse made it such a merry gallop that stamina was bound to be the deciding factor, as, indeed it was. As they came down Bushes Hill into the Dip, Obliterate was done with, but Parth and Polyphontes were hovering around and looking the chief dangers to Papyrus and Teresina. At that point I would have picked out Papyrus as the winner, for his jockey was challenging with him then, though he might have still waited for that one last run up the rising ground at the finish. Elliott on Teresina did so wait, and just as Papyrus was beginning to falter—the other two were right out of it—the game and courageous mare drew level. For some strides the issue was desperately fought, but the difference in the weight, coupled with the stamina of the mare, enabled her to draw very slowly ahead so that she passed the judge half a length to the good. It had been a magnificent race, and every good sportsman must have realised that both horses had earned honours.

There was some question of running Papyrus for the Champion Stakes next week, but, as stated at the outset, he has run his last race and he could not have retired in better circumstances.

His reputation was certainly enhanced by this failure quite to accomplish a very big thing. Some critics have tried to decry him in the past. They should now make an *amende*. After all, he was a high-class two year old and the winner of a series of races at that age. He won the Derby and was second for the St. Leger to a very fine filly in Tranquil. Then, this year he was beaten a short head by the very good Poisoned Arrow over a mile and a half in the spring, when he was only half trained; he was second for the Eclipse Stakes, giving a great deal of weight away to Polyphontes and others; and, lastly, is this second for the Jockey Club Stakes, which I have described.

I do not know what the Aga Khan's plans may be with Teresina, but I should say it is doubtful whether she will be kept in training another year. She would, of course, have won the Cesarewitch had she been kept for it, but her penalty put her out of court and she has since been scratched. She cost something like 7,000 guineas as a yearling, and I need hardly say that Lady Sykes, at whose stud she was bred, and Mr. Henry Cholmondeley rejoice in her successes. She was from their remarkable brood mare, Blue Tit, now dead, and, incidentally, I believe Frank Hartigan bought one of the best of the Sledmere yearlings this year when he secured the chestnut colt by Buchan from Blue Tit. Time will tell us.

Top Gallant won a six furlong handicap under 9st. 11lb., and so did something to recover a lost reputation, or rather, one that had been well on the ebb. There was an idea that he had turned sour, but I am glad it is not so. The horse is a grand individual, and though he certainly could not stay he ought to sire many winners. I do not think they were good ones, by any means, that ran for those subscription races, the "Buckingham" and the "Boscawen"—perhaps the absence of any candidates from Manton had something to do with that—and though Commuter, who took the former for Sir Abe Bailey, and Son of Spring (the same owner) and Lord Derby's Grandpre, who dead-heated for the "Boscawen," will probably do well, they are not distinguished by any very special merit at the present time. Margaritta won her fifth race in succession for Lord Woolavington, but hers was not a pretty performance this time and I feel sure we did not see her at her best. If it be true that she has started to go wrong in her wind, then the misfortune for her owner is obvious enough.

Important racing is due this week-end at Kempton Park and at Newmarket next week. The Cesarewitch and the Middle Park Plate, for instance, are coming up for decision at headquarters. For some time past I have been under the impression that the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton Park will be won by either Pharos or Verdict. My leaning is to the latter, especially if the ground be at all soft, as is not unlikely at this time of the year and at the end of a diabolically soft summer. Pharos is ever so much better when the ground is firm to the tread, and for that reason it is a wonder that he will not be reserved for the Cambridgeshire, for the going at Newmarket is never really "dead" as at other places. The Imperial Produce Plate is likely to re-introduce Manna, the very easy winner of a race at Goodwood. He may or may not be a high-class one. He certainly has something to do now, and if he can give weight and a beating to Dalmagarry, which I rather doubt, he will have firmly established himself as a high-class one.

The Cesarewitch ought not to be a difficult race to find the winner of, since it can only be won by a horse perfectly trained, a true stayer, and one fairly handicapped. There are so few claiming these credentials that one ought not to be wide of the mark in suggesting the winner. My choice from the outset was Rose Prince, but belief in him is seriously shaken by the report that he has not gone well in his work. He may have done better since; as to that the reader will be better able to judge, but it is quite certain that at the time of writing he is under a cloud.

I am writing of necessity before the race for the Nottingham Handicap of two miles at the beginning of this week. If Ceylonese should have won, as I know Sir Abe Bailey expected him to do, then a revision of views will be necessary where he is concerned. Three times within a short while he has been rather badly defeated of late, but it has been urged in extenuation that he has not shown his form. It is never wise to make excuses for failure, especially several failures, and I would only think seriously again of Ceylonese in the event of his having come back to grace by a convincing win at Nottingham. Sir George Bullough may not be entitled to hope for much where Eastern Monarch is concerned on any form the horse has shown this year; but the Cesarewitch is different from any other race, and my view is that this horse has only to regain his form to have a very fine chance indeed.

In regard to the Middle Park Plate next week, I should say much depends on whether Alec Taylor will be able to run one or more of the horses which a little while ago had to be withdrawn from their engagements through coughing. Saucy Sue and Picaroon are good ones right out of the ordinary. Then, Mr. Hornung could run Bucellas, his winner of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, but there is some likelihood of this fine colt being kept for the Dewhurst Plate. Manna, Oojah, Grandpre and El Cacique are also entered.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

AUTUMNAL ACTIVITY

AGAIN this week a considerable business has been done in real estate. Important transactions are announced to-day as having been effected after everything had been prepared for bringing properties under the hammer. Only those who have hoped to buy a property at auction can fully appreciate the anxiety felt by prospective purchasers as to whether their bid will be made at the right moment and duly registered, and, above all, whether it will be adequate. Perhaps the only comparable trepidation is that sometimes felt by would-be vendors as to whether there will be an adequate bid at all. Yet, in the present state of the market, this need not give any owner a sleepless night if his interests have been entrusted to some competent agent. It is safe to predict a satisfactory sale at, or soon after, an auction, provided that, in their discretion, the agents have not recommended their client to close with some offer made before the auction. There is a market for every class of realty and, on the whole, at very good prices.

MOTCOMBE, DORSET : 5,270 ACRES.

LORD STALBRIDGE has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of the Motcombe Estate, which extends to 5,270 acres, and adjoins the town of Shaftesbury. It includes Motcombe House, beautifully situated in the vale of Shaftesbury, 27 farms, private houses and the village of Motcombe.

The executors of the late Sir Albert Bowen have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Colworth, Sharnbrook, 2,300 acres, by auction next month, including the mansion, Stud Farm and Middle Farm, and holdings in a high state of cultivation. The contents of the mansion, the famous Red Poll herd of 100 cattle, including the "Royal" champion bull, "Hatton Fabulist" and the live and dead farming stock will be sold in December.

Having sold Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have been instructed, with Messrs. Gottwaltz and Perry, to dispose of the contents next Tuesday and following days, including wine, cigars and plate.

HEDSOR WHARF SOLD.

LORD BOSTON authorised Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Vernon and Son, to accept an offer made, just before the auction, at Hanover Square, for Hedsor Wharf estate, Bourne End, together with the fishery.

Mr. Jeremiah Colman has purchased Holwood Lodge, near Dorking, from the Hanover Square firm, who have also sold the town house, No. 106, Lancaster Gate; and No. 5, Connaught Place, to Lady Boulton. They have purchased No. 2, John Street, on behalf of Mrs. Claude Watney, Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor acting for the vendor. Nos. 7 and 9, Red Post Hill, Dulwich, have also been disposed of prior to auction.

Vann Lake, an expanse of 8 acres, is included in the sale of Grendhurst Park estate, to be held by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. White and Sons, at Dorking next Monday (October 13th), as well as two old country residences and 276 acres. Grendhurst Mansion and Park, recently sold by the Hanover Square firm, is in the beautiful Leith Hill district.

The 93 acres known as the Letchmoor Meadows, Presteigne, with nearly 1½ miles of trout and grayling fishing in the River Lugg, which intersects the property, are to be offered by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley under instructions from Mr. T. L. Griffiths.

LORD CONGLETON'S PURCHASE.

LORD CONGLETON, for whom Messrs. Lofts and Warner acted, has purchased from Lord Northesk, the Minstead Lodge estate, in the New Forest, described in the Estate Market page on July 19th as being for auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have now transacted the sale.

In connection with the coming auction of the Stoke Park estate, already announced, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have, in consequence of Mr. N. Lane Jackson's decision to retire, to dispose of the 25,000 shares, less four or five signatories' shares, in the Stoke Poges Golf Club, Limited. The par-

ticulars are not yet to hand, but it is apparently intended to give the buyer of the shares, or, of a parcel of 15,000, the option in each case of acquiring the freehold. The situation and character of the estate are well known to golfers, and the proximity of Burnham Beeches and the Thames makes it residentially very desirable.

There is a record of the estate in Domesday, and before the Conquest it was held by a freeman—one Siret. Amicia, heiress of the De Stokes, married in 1300 Robert de Pogeyns, and their granddaughter married Sir John de Molines, who built a mansion there. Queen Elizabeth stayed there in 1601, and later Charles I was taken there a prisoner by the Parliamentarians. Robert Gayer, the Jacobite, at one time held the property, and was followed by the Quaker family, who possessed it until the death of John Penn early last century, when the estate was acquired by Henry Labouchere, Lord Taunton. The stately mansion is surrounded by an ancient deer park—a portion of the original Windsor Forest—and is now occupied as the residential country club, founded in 1909. The park is laid out in the eighteen-hole golf links, and the whole property covers some 270 acres. Near is the home of Gray, who in his now little read "Long Story" sang of the old manor house at Stoke, built by Sir John de Molines, close to the church.

RIVIERA VILLAS.

THE prospects of the coming season on the Riviera are exceptionally good. Villas have already changed hands, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, including Villa les Cedres, Cap Ferrat, once occupied by Leopold, King of the Belgians, and subsequently the property of the late Sir Ernest Cassel; the Prince of Montenegro's Villa Augusta, Cap Martin; Sir William Ingram's Villa Kairo, Roquebrune; and Château Devachan, San Remo, at which the first "Peace Conference" was held in April, 1920. Among other properties which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have to offer during the coming season are Lou Casteau, Valescure, formerly occupied by the late Lord Amherst of Hackney; Mr. Kenneth Clark's Villa Zoraide, which dominates Cap Martin; and Lord Egerton of Tatton's Villa Egerton, Roquebrune.

ALDENHAM PARK TO LET.

LORD ACTON'S trustees have directed Messrs. Curtis and Henson to let, furnished, Aldenham Park, Salop, with shooting over 3,000 acres and two miles of trout fishing. Sir Edward Acton built it in 1697. Aldenham Park is three and a half miles from Bridgnorth, and the seat, 400ft. above sea level, is approached through a perfectly straight avenue of half a mile, intersecting the park of 150 acres. The rooms are finely panelled, and there is carving attributed to Grinling Gibbons. The most noteworthy point in the grounds is the formal garden on the south-west side of the mansion. In the park is a lake large enough for boating and giving very good sport with the rod. Hunting can be had with the Wheatland, Albrighton and South Shropshire.

Private treaty beforehand has eliminated three at least of the properties from Messrs. Hampton and Sons' list for submission at St. James's Square next Tuesday (October 14th). They are the freeholds of Elmington, with garage and a walled garden of over 3 acres; The Tree Tops, Amersham, and 1½ acres, with miniature pine wood; and Holmlea, a Barnet property with garden in which the modern tendency to plant fruit trees rather than those which are merely decorative has been a guiding principle in the cultivation of, roundly, an acre. Remaining for auction next Tuesday, when this note is written, are the dignified and finely placed specimen of Queen Anne architecture close to Hampstead Heath known as Burgh House, which is full of paneling and has original features of various kinds as well preserved as at the time of its erection in the opening years of the eighteenth century; and a pleasantly situated leasehold house on the Chelsea Embankment Gardens.

THE ST. AUDRIES' SALE.

LORD ST. AUDRIES' sale of the St. Audries estate, Somerset, announced in these columns last week as having been carried

out by Messrs. Wainwrights and Heard, was to a client of Messrs. Densham and Lambert, the Savile Row firm.

Country houses and estates figure largely in the auction announced by Messrs. Fox and Sons. On October 20th Bush Farm, West Knole, with 144 acres, will be offered at Gillingham. On October 21st Watchetts Building Estate, Camberley, will come under the hammer. This comprises a residence and 15 acres, also seventy-eight sites. On October 31st they will be selling at Castle Cary the Alford House estate, with residence, cottages and 150 acres; Millbrook House, Castle Cary, 10 acres; and South Cottage, Castle Cary, 3½ acres. Early in November the firm will offer at Lymington the old-fashioned residence The Villino, Everton, in grounds of 3½ acres; and this month the firm is also selling properties of various descriptions in Bournemouth.

Two more Surrey residences have been added this week to the long list of important properties in that county that have been sold by Messrs. Harrie, Stacey and Son. The Reigate agents have accordingly cancelled next Tuesday's auction of Reeves Rest, a Chipstead house and 53½ acres, and Oakfield Lawn and 2½ acres at Reigate Hill.

A JUDGE'S HOUSE SOLD.

LORD JUSTICE SCRUTTON'S freehold, Glenwood, Westcombe Park, Blackheath, nearly 3 acres, has been sold for £3,500 by Messrs. Goddard and Smith, in conjunction with Messrs. Dyer, Son and Hilton, the local firm.

Sales amounting to £37,300, of 2,661 acres of Greetwell Hall estate, Lincolnshire, have been effected by Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co. Wilton House, a freehold in Burgess Hill, has been sold for £2,310, by Messrs. Wilkinson, Son and Welch and Messrs. Young and James. Coleshill Lodge, Amersham, a freehold of 12½ acres, on the Chilterns, has changed hands privately through Messrs. Harrods, Limited, since the auction. Next Tuesday they will have Plum Tree Cottage and an acre, in Amersham, to deal with, at their saleroom in Brompton Road, and also White Lodge, Ickenham, 2 acres; Marden House and an acre, at Milford-on-Sea; a Sidcup freehold; and Bellenden, 17 acres, on the outskirts of Exeter, in conjunction with Messrs. Whitton and Laing. Mill House Farm, 8 acres, at Harlow Common, and a North Cray property have been sold by Messrs. Squire, Herbert and Co.

Removals are notified by Messrs. Millar, Son and Co., from Pall Mall, their premises being pulled down, to Conduit Street; and, to accommodate increasing business, by Messrs. Alexander Hall and Co., from 84a to 32, High Street, Watford. Swallows' Rest, Ockbrook, Derbyshire, 32 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners.

In Highgate, as in nearly every suburb, are to be found old mansions that have outlived their residential suitability. Other old houses, such as a Georgian residence in The Grove, Highgate, however, have preserved their original environment, and seem likely to have a long-continued existence as purely private properties, particularly so where, as at No. 9, The Grove, a very effective and judicious outlay has been made in modernisation. Messrs. Prickett and Ellis have just offered the freehold of 2 acres, with a wonderful avenue of elms, and it remains for sale at an advance on the final bid of £9,500.

The present owners acquired Linden House, Highgate, when it was sold on behalf of the executors of their mother, the late Lady Tyler. Linden House was for many years the home of Sir Henry Tyler, M.P. The freehold of two acres is for sale, with possession, by Messrs. Weatherall and Green. The house is within a few yards of Parliament Hill.

Ashridge Court, the freehold residential, sporting and farming estate a few miles from Okehampton, and eighteen from Exeter, a house replete with modern comforts and luxuries—and having 90 acres of woods, 300 acres of pasture, and, in all, about 480 acres—well placed for hunting, shooting and fishing, was to have been sold on the premises, preceding the sale of the furniture, on September 23rd, by Messrs. Constable and Maude, but the firm (as briefly noted a week ago) effected a private sale before the auction.

ARBITER.



NEPETA AND FLAG IRISES.

See Dafne

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